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PUNCH

Vol. CCXXXV No. 6174

DECEMBER 10 1958



Articles

- 748 **TOM GIRTIN**
The New Book of Snobs : Drink
- 751 **BERNARD HOLLOWOOD**
Coal is Where You Find It
- 757 **J. B. BOOTHROYD**
Not in the Shops
- 762 **E. S. TURNER**
Notes for Your Party
- 779 **A. P. H.**
No Word Peace Yet

Fiction

- 769 **ALEX ATKINSON** with
RONALD SEARLE
By Rocking-Chair across America

Verse

- 760 **T. S. WATT**
Angela's Wishes

Features

- 746 **PUNCH DIARY**
- 752 **MOTORWAY CODE**
Russell Brockbank
- 754 **FOR WOMEN**
- 767 **IN THE CITY**
Lombard Lane
- 767 **IN THE COUNTRY**
Geoffrey Humphrys
- 768 **TOBY COMPETITIONS**
- 773 **ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT**
Percy Somerset

Criticism

- 775 **BOOKING OFFICE**
Anthony Powell : Sequel to "Middlemarch"
- 776 **THEATRE** (Eric Keown)
- 777 **FILMS** (Richard Mallett)
- 778 **RADIO** (Henry Turton)

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*For overseas rates see page 780

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BB

CHARIVARIA

THE only good words ever spoken for the purchase tax were heard last week, when it stopped a go-ahead business man from printing gramophone records on cereal packets and "making the British breakfast musical."

RISE coal stocks and falling demand present exactly the kind of problem the new race of scientists is here to solve. What about making sure that 1959 gives us another summer as bleak as 1958's?

It was obviously no use trying to compete with the glamorous Harold Macmillan on his own ground, and Mr. Gaitskell did the next best thing, perhaps, by getting himself into the illustrated *Daily Mail* symposium of the "Ten Most Unbeautiful Men."

ONE or two cinema columnists have been getting excited about a Hollywood proposal to make a film about Adam and Eve. What's new about that?

MOTORISTS have already heard enough about super-speed highways, and are



asking if something of the same sort can't be done for zebras.

It was lucky for the M.C.C. that their pre-Test tour followed the traditional West-to-East route of Perth, Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane. Before the Brisbane game against Queensland, in which Lindwall took 5 for 57, 2 for 16, the

Australian team had been selected. If only May's men had gone the other way the selectors might have spotted this up-and-coming bowler and given him a Test chance on his own ground.

A SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD college girl disguised herself as a midshipman and spent a day with three thousand five



hundred Annapolis Naval Academy cadets without being detected, says a report from New York. U.S. Navy recruiting departments are expecting a sharp note about the slump in the quality of their officer material.

MR. ADLAI STEVENSON, says a Washington dispatch, has announced that he will not be a presidential candidate in 1960. However, he may only be quoting from one of the speeches he made before running last time.

THAT fourteen-year-old American child-wife has had a harsh press. Why didn't anyone at least point out that it takes real courage and devotion for a girl to give up being Miss Barbara Fulford and become Mrs. Norman Scruggs?

O Noisy Bells, Be Dumb

The Attorney-General is said to have suppressed the chimes of St. Clement Dane's because they interrupted his work. "ORANGES and lemons!" rang the bells of St. Clement's—

Which Sir Reginald Manningham-B. Gave forth a loud cry at and issued a fiat And left the Strand duller for me.



Punch Diary

AS soon as I have begun to understand one French political system they think of another. A British ambassador, writing at the time of Boulanger, reported that it took about sixteen years to make the French tired of a form of Government. The period seems to be shortening. General de Gaulle is to have power because large numbers of people prefer his having it to nobody's having it. Millions of people voted the burden of responsibility off their own backs, and millions of others, who were prepared to assume it, somehow do not get even the chance of parliamentary criticism. Although every day some coup-minded colonel seizes power somewhere, General de Gaulle is not really part of that movement. He belongs to the old French tradition of the plebiscitary dictator, prince, president or what you like. Boulanger, despite being partly Welsh like Cromwell, fizzled out after a brisk start and ended by having public attention distracted from him by the Eiffel Tower. This pattern is unlikely to be repeated—the caricaturists have seen to that.

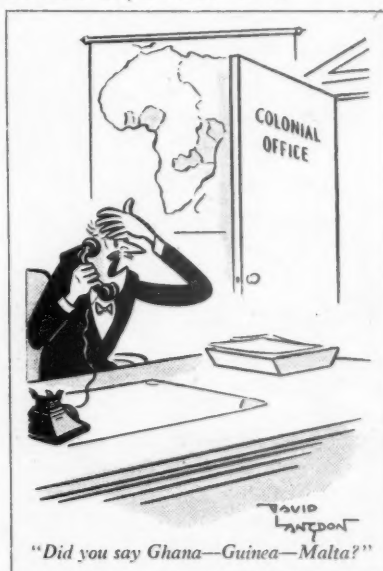
Clean Sheets

MANY of us feared, when the Press Council started, that it might exercise a repressive tyranny over our newspapers, smothering the spice in the gossip columns, paring the cheesecake, clamping down on the romances of actresses, obstructing reporters in their duty to interrogate the bereaved, watering down the natural ebullience of "Bride Dies in Multiple Crash," "Baby Michael Falls Forty Feet," and

in general reducing our breakfast reading to the boredom of factual reporting and informed comment. These fears have been scouted for good in Sir Linton Andrews' fifth annual report, which not only gives the papers an unspotted conduct-sheet, but carries the battle into the enemy camp by charging the carpers with "wild exaggeration" and "distortion of the truth." On the specific point about intrusion Sir Linton further charges that those who resent it are usually people "with something to hide." This of course is damning. We are rightly proud of the Freedom of our Press. What is to become of it if people are allowed to have secrets? I applaud this overdue exculpation of the journalist and his employer. Moreover, I dare any newspaper to deny a word that Sir Linton has said.

Thank You, Express

THE lady who won £150,000 on the pools put "X" on her coupon to indicate that in the event of a win she wanted no publicity. The *Daily Express* respected her wish. Its sports editor sent out its "sporting sleuths" and disclosed that "Mrs. X is a member of one of the most influential families... She lives in the Manchester district. You'll find her family name in commerce, politics and the law." Moreover he reproduced a fair sample of the lady's handwriting and literary style to help readers with their little problem of identification. Next time it might be advisable to put three "X"s.



"Did you say Ghana—Guinea—Malta?"

Undefiling the Pitch

FAST bowlers have long vexed cricket legislators over the question of "drag," and Freddie Trueman and others recently excited adverse comment in Australia by roughing up the pitch where a good length ball lands outside the leg stump. Both problems are easily soluble by making bowlers deliver the ball with both feet behind the bowling crease. If it be objected that this will give them too far to bowl, then shorten the pitch by a yard. If somebody says that runs will then be too easy to get, make the batsmen ground their bats behind the bowling crease instead of the popping crease. To the possible objection that that may be all right for singles but would make the running of twos and threes an excessively long and arduous business because of the extra stint at both ends, I reply that batsmen must expect to suffer some slight inconvenience in return for the removal of the menaces of drag and rough patches. Or they could have longer bats.

☆ ☆ ☆

In our issue for November 12 we published in *Punch Diary* a paragraph referring to a window display in the Strand which invited customers to come in and turn themselves into Limited Companies.

This was intended in humorous vein, and was not meant to reflect in any way on the integrity or reputation of Business Economy Company Registrations Limited and Business Economy Products Limited or of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Herbert, who own the share capital of these companies, or, indeed, of anyone else.

It has, however, been brought to our notice that some persons might have read it as reflecting upon the reputation of these Companies and of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert. In these circumstances we would like to make it clear that no such effect was intended or desired, and we offer our apologies for any distress or inconvenience which may have been caused by such misunderstanding.

SPORTING PRINTS

Next week the fifth of Hewison's drawings of sporting personalities will appear. The subject is:

HERB ELLIOTT



"What is your pleasure, Master?"
"Not to be corrupted by you."

THE NEW BOOK OF SNOBS



In 1846-7 Thackeray wrote "The Snobs of England" in PUNCH, later reprinted as "The Book of Snobs." In this series snobbery is brought up to date, but the title decorations are from Thackeray's own drawings.

TOM GIRTIN on Drink



SINCE almost the whole joy of Snobbery lies in the act of communicating the sense of your superiority it is of course essential that your victim should speak, or at any rate understand, the same language. And for this reason the Drink Snob is in a peculiarly happy position: literally the whole world is his prairie oyster. Anybody can play. For the inescapable truth is that every one of us must, in order to sustain life, drink something; and although when snobbery in drinking is mentioned thoughts turn snobbishly to wine, yet snobs every bit as accomplished are to be found among both Rechabites and non-denominational water-drinkers.

Consider, for example, the following incident involving those old troupers A, B, and C:

A (*gulping water thirstily*): A-a-a-a-ah!

B: The best water I've tasted anywhere—and as you know I've knocked around a bit—came from a little stream in the hills at the back of St.-Jean-de-Luz; of all places.

C: Water? Never touch it meself. Rusts the guts, hah-hah.

In this incident B is a straight snob. C is an inverted snob though it looks as if he may also be a straight snob in the sub-species of "over-indulgence snobs" who on the basis of a "session" on light ale wish to be thought devil-may-care, hard-drinking characters.

On the evidence before us A is not a snob at all—but

he may be an inverted snob who, by drinking water, is trying to prove something—perhaps that he has the common touch and does not mind using a chained metal cup belonging to the Metropolitan Drinking Fountain and Cattle Trough Association.

The number of permutations and combinations that can be read into this one simple incident gives uneasy intimations of the vast unplumbed depths that face the explorer.

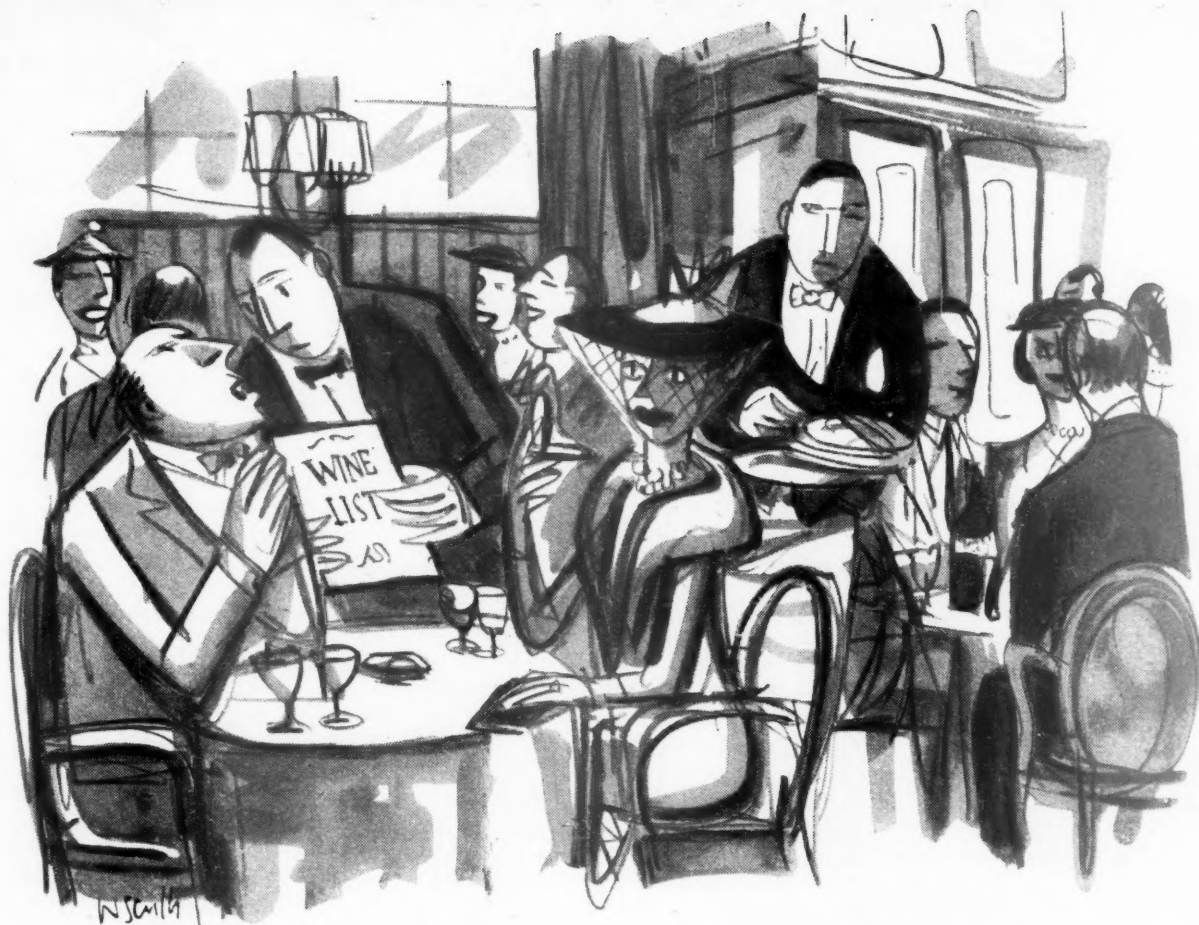
When the successful preparation of a beverage involves a more or less complicated ritual the opportunities for the snob are correspondingly increased. The connoisseur will have long since noted with malicious pleasure that in tea-drinking the problem whether the milk shall be placed in the cup first or last has actually ceased to be a matter of taste and has become one of class. Moreover among tea-drinkers there is always a place for the inverted snob with his reminder that the best tea you could get anywhere was in the Army: "You can have all your China teas—just give me a cup of 'gunfire' (that's what we called it, 'gunfire'), where old Cookie

just flung the tea-leaves and sugar together into the boiling water in a dixie."

Some manufacturers of tea have themselves been quick to realize the snobbish potentialities of their product. Lady Barnett has been improbably revealed as a devotee of tea bags and at one time almost the whole of *Debrett* seemed to be taking part in a series of advertisements of a kind in which the Count and Countess of Mungo were discovered by a society photographer in their gracious home, Mungo Park, wielding Queen Anne silver teapots and sipping cups of a cheap and popular tea which had, so they pointed out, the additional advantage of actually being available on their very doorstep at the village grocery. (The student will notice the subtle, inverted twist here.)

The same sort of "prestige" advertising is already invading the realms of what the *Morning Advertiser* is apt to call "the favourite health-giving beverage of the working man." Beer has, indeed, always been regarded as the most levelling and democratic of drinks, and the brewers used to advertise it with pictures of red-faced labourers happily





"What would you suggest to go with a rather overpowering scent of *Quelques Pêchés*?"

contemplating foaming tankards of the stuff. But now that, as the Prime Minister once observed, we are all working classes, snobbery is making such inroads that in a recent advertisement a number of women in short evening dresses and fur stoles are to be seen with their escorts genteelly reveling in canned beer. The tins, with two holes punched in the lid, are specially designed, so it is claimed, to blend with all that is most gracious in contemporary living.

Such refinements of snobbery may have come late to the beer-drinker but the foundations have long existed. The self-confessed perfectionist demanding of his half-pint of mild-and-bitter that it be served in a straight glass as opposed to a tankard, that the bitter be poured into the glass first and that the whole be then poured into a pint glass is

well-known to most publicans, as is his habit, before trusting to his palate, of raising his glass to the light and making sure that the liquid is as clear and brilliant as vinegar.

It is arguable that snobbery in drinking has increased since it became socially possible for respectable women to patronize public houses. Certainly to the other forms of competitive snobbery may be added keeping up with the drinking habits of the Joneses. To what cause other than emulation can be traced the sudden drinking crazes—the adding of lime-juice to lager, the demand in West End bars for vodka, the fashion in pubs where champagne would be regarded as shockingly ostentatious, not to say snobbish, for drinks that look like champagne? And it is significant that of the two most generally demanded brands of gin one has a

greater sale in "high-class" bars, the other in "lower-class" pubs.

It should not be thought that drink snobbery is confined to one side of the counter: for the retailer there are all too many ways of impressing his superiority upon the customer. At its most urbane it may take the form of "'Futsack'? Mmno! Of all the sherries we stock—quite a selection as you can see—we don't actually have that one. As a matter of fact we rather pride ourselves on our choice of sherries—I'm a sherry drinker myself—and we've got one that we think is just that little bit better than 'Futsack' . . ." That the wholesale price is 13/9 a case less than that of "Futsack" may or may not be relevant.

The more brutal method is to say "'Futsack'? Good God, no!"

It is only fair to add that brutality is on the decline. This is probably due in



"Tchah! That wretched wine-merchant's sent me non-vintage again."

part to the fact that there is a movement among brewers anxious to consolidate the social gains made by their "houses" (they tend, in speech, to drop the word public) during the war, to install as their tenants fewer ex-police officers and more ex-Army officers. It is no longer utterly *déclassé* to become a publican, but the new type of landlord—regarded by many old hands as a stuck-up snob who is ruining the trade with his fancy ideas—is largely incapable of uttering that most brutal of all cries, "Other side!" which used to greet some ragged outcast who by accident or design had penetrated to the saloon bar.

In any case the locational snob has in many instances made nonsense of the old distinctions between the bars. To quote a current guide-book to London "in certain pubs it is 'smarter' to use the public bar." And which of us, peacefully ensconced in the public bar (which we use because we find the customers there, somehow, so much more genuine) has not been outraged by a sudden shaming invasion from the saloon of loud-voiced patronizing young men and women who inexpertly monopolize the darts-board?

Locational snobbery provides the only possible explanation of the survival of the sort of establishment where the

landlord is dirty, his wife drunken, the bar counter awash, the beer as full of particles as a snow-storm paperweight, and which is always so crowded with young officers of the Brigade of Guards that even to pass along the street outside is difficult because of the overspill of customers.

Location is, of course, one of the great weapons in the armoury of the wine-snob.

"D'you happen to know N.7 well between Montélimar and Passy-le-Cruet? Pity! Because about a couple of kilometres along on the right there's a turning that brings you to a little auberge called 'Chez Père Nino.' Nothing much to look at from the outside but, by jove, they're got a most superb Tâche Romanée '41—the whole point being, as of course you know, that '41 was a terrible year for Tâche Romanée—the whole vineyard's only about eight hectares anyway—yet, somehow, there's just this one little bin—it may all be gone by now—that happens by a miracle to have turned out all right. Of course, it's not cheap..."

James Thurber in his cartoon "It's a naïve domestic Burgundy without any breeding but I think you'll be amused by its presumption," has said all that needs to be said about the

highest grade of wine-snob, but the solid spadework put in by the snob-ordinaire should not go unrecognized.

"It's a funny thing," he says as he thumbs the pages of the wine-list of some fabulously inexpensive little restaurant in S.W.7, where you can actually buy half a bottle of Maltese Hock for 8/6, "but you never see to get a good ordinaire like you used to for 1/9." He continues his search for the second cheapest wine in the house as he adds "Of course I know it probably wouldn't travel, but do you remember that wonderful *rouge* we had at Eygalières?"

There are no indications that drink-snobbery is endangered by any of the contemporary processes of levelling-down. In fact a preliminary investigation into the classless society already happily established in the United States is reassuring if three advertisements in a recent issue of an American magazine are at all representative.

In the first a suave character in a tuxedo is contemplating a dram of liqueur with an expression that looks as if he has just learned that it is now drunk also by miners in the North of England. (The girl who has gone out leaving her corsage of mauve orchids on the dining-table and her Empress chinchilla draped over the fumed Chippendale chair would be well-advised to note that the text talks about "luxurious after-dinner adventure.")

In the second advertisement Rex Harrison in that dreadful deer-stalker hat recommends "a gentleman's martini" made with "House of Lords gin."

And in the third a French firm of wine-shippers claims unblushingly

"It's chic to say
CAL-VAY."

All three advertisements, it should be noted, emanate from the Old World: on their evidence alone the future for drink-snobs seems reasonably secure.

Other writers in this series will be:

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE
SIRIOL HUGH-JONES
HENRY LONGHURST
THE REV. SIMON PHIPPS
STEPHEN POTTER
J. B. PRIESTLEY
GEORGE SCHWARTZ
GWYN THOMAS
FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Coal is Where You Find It

By BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

WHEN Louis Blanc recommended that the unemployed of Paris should be paid to fill bottles from the Seine and empty them into the river from the opposite bank he was called a "fou" (see the *Daily Express* for extra-large asterisk and explanatory footnote). But I am not so sure that M. Blanc wouldn't be suggesting something equally idiotic if he now had to advise our National Coal Board. The country is pock-marked by great mounds of the stuff—more than forty million tons valued at seventy million pounds—and there is talk of closing down pits and sacking thousands of miners. It may well be that the time has come to use the Blanc technique and put the surplus back where it belongs.

I was talking the other day to Ned Higginside of Crawshap, a shot-fireman at the Grindling No. 3 Pit, and a man already threatened by redundancy. Ned enlisted for coalmining ten years ago when the advertisement columns bristled with appeals to "Take a Man's Job, a Job with an Assured Future, in Mining." And until now he has not regretted his decision to bend his back for Britain.

"Know what Ah think, mester?" Ned said. "Ah think it's right an' proper to put Dribben Coal back wi' its fireclay. Ah looks at yon banks o' coal a-spoilin' in quarry an' Ah reckons it's gettin' ill-natured for lack o' company. Coal's just like humans, mester, in a way: tek it out o' its natural viroment an' it loses will to live. That coal's depressed," said Ned, "that's what."

I asked Ned what he would do if the chopper fell and the N.C.B. decided to shut down Grindling No. 3 Pit. "Well," he said, looking up momentarily from a hire-purchase leaflet, "Ah should be all right for a spell. Ah've earned good money an Ah've salted some away in unit trusts, so Ah reckon Ah could hold up for a year or so."

"And then?" I asked.

"Most likely they'll be clamourin' for more miners long afore then," said Ned. "These plannin' chaps don't know whether they're a-comin' or a-goin'."

Ned blames the Government's deflationary policy, heating by imported

oil, high-flown claptrap about the imminence of unlimited nuclear energy, and the scientists of the coal utilization set-up for the present plight of the industry. He thinks that more coal should be exported ("Give us the coal, and we'll bridge the trade gap," they said a few years ago), and that more of it should be converted into aspirin and so on. "Ah'm told," he says, "that the chemical industry *depends* on coal—an' plastics. Well then, what the 'ell's the 'Ealth Service for? An' what's the use o' commercial telly if it can't flog a few extra tons o' plastics an' such?"

Naturally I asked about the problems of returning unwanted coal back underground. It would have to be done carefully, Ned told me. It was no use putting *any* coal back into *any* seam. Coal had a strong affinity for its native caprock and bedrock, and a Durham coking wouldn't lie easily with a Lancashire marl or a Welsh grit. The stuff would have to be washed, analysed, sorted, graded and appropriately soiled before it could be restored to its geological companions. "Wouldn't fit in proper otherwise," he said.

I mentioned waste, and he said that two blacks wouldn't make a white, that the N.C.B. pays out large sums every year in compensation for housing subsidence, and that the restoration of the Coal Measures would save the country millions of pounds.

I asked about new uses for coal.

"Well, if they were all as patriotic as my lot," he said, "there'd be no trouble. We keeps a roarin' fire goin' winter and summer. We use coal—slack, mind—for the cat's box. We use it on the garden, plants being partial to carbon. We use it as insulatin' material in the loft. We make up the drive with it. We use it . . ."

"But you get a free allowance, don't you?"

"Aye, an' if they increased the allowance there'd be less left as surplus to requirements."

"If you had your time over again," I said, "I suppose you'd think twice about coalminin'."

"Ah would an' all."

"What *would* you do then?"

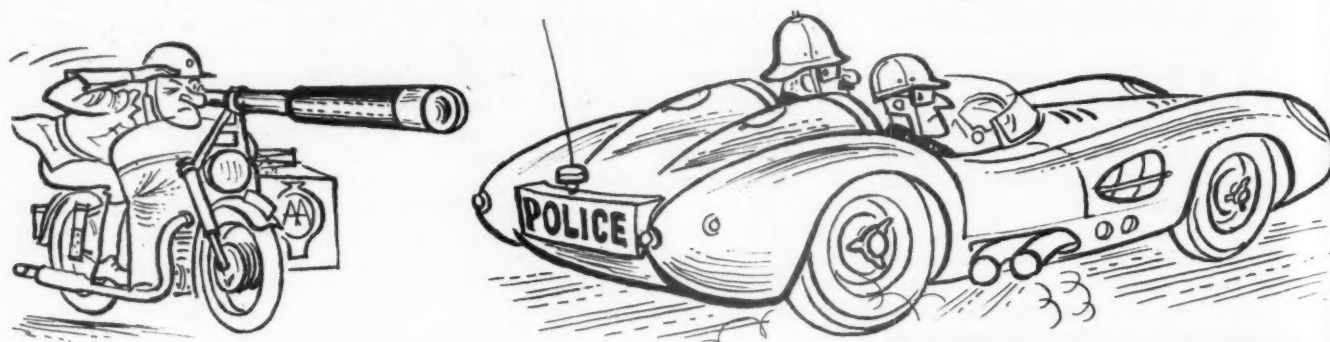
"Ah'll tell you what Ah'd do, mester. Ah'd go in for plannin'. That's the job—plannin'. Never out o' work if you're a planner, never."

I was inclined to agree.



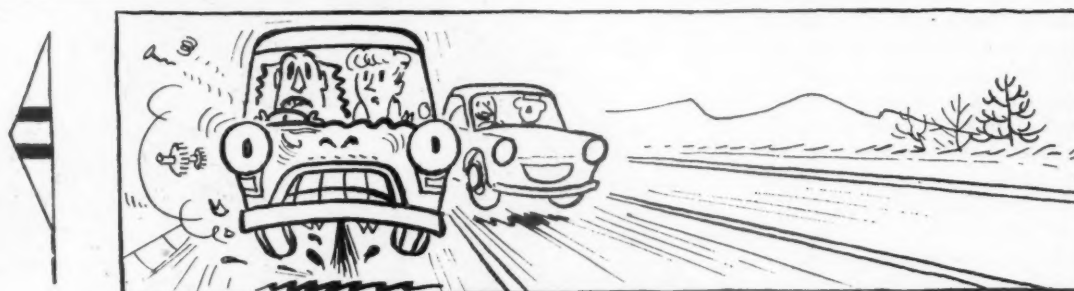
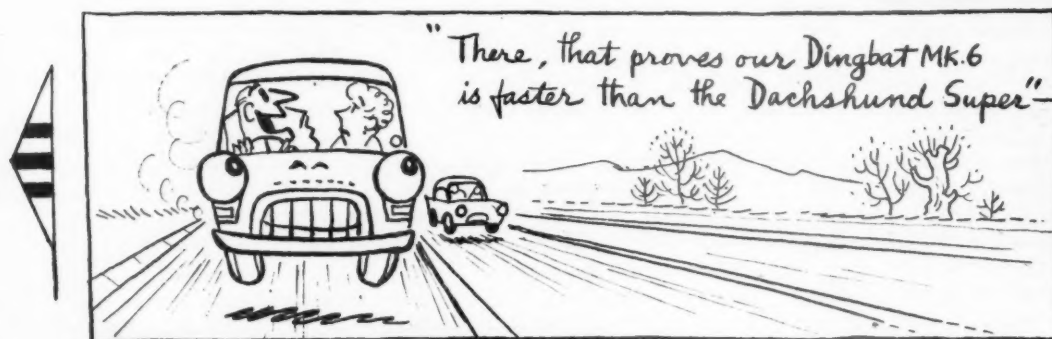
"I don't know much about art, but I know what I like."

No doubt the Motoring Organizations . . . and Police . . . are fully . . .



The ordinary motorist will learn about the

MOTORWAY



... prepared for the worst—as will be various private enterprises.

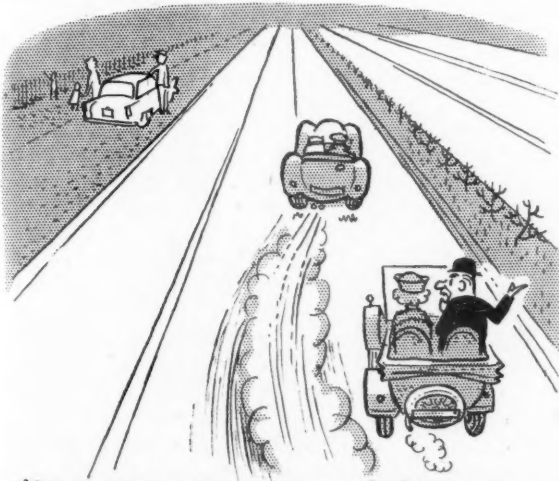


CODE

as he goes along ...



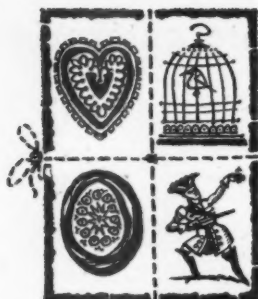
"...176 Fan Belts 177 Fan Belts 178..."



"If that fool had read the Motorway Code he'd know better than to pass on the inside."



"I feel safer here, somehow."



Shopping for Surprises

ALISON ADBURGHAM searches
out some Christmas Finds

IT is in the little shops that you find surprises. Bewlay's *boutique* in Park Lane is a surprise in itself. Passing through the masculine atmosphere of the tobacconist's shop, you descend to a room where the delights and desires of dilettante hearts, both male and female, are interpreted in a miscellanea from many different countries: from Spain, tooled leather; from Italy, china; from France, Limoges boxes; from England, Yootha Rose's toys and figurines, Crown Staffordshire boxes and dressing-table china. You can buy useless beauty in the shape of a miniature singing-bird in a cage, or choose quite inexpensively from an eclectic collection of modern glass paper-weights gathered from here, there, and everywhere.

Enamelled and jewelled pill-boxes from Italy are also a felicitous find. It is well known that pills and Americans have for a long time travelled together; and we read recently without astonishment a Saks 5th Avenue advertisement for a heart-shaped gold box encrusted with rhinestones: *a lady's supply of pills, in a heart, the most elegant way we know of carrying them*. After this Christmas many Englishwomen will also be carrying their tranquillizers, their stimulators, their anti-acids and their qualm calmers in a most elegant way—for undoubtedly the pill-box is the gift of the year. With luck or perseverance you may find a suitable snuff-box in an antiques; but the modern pill-box is quite a pretty thing and can be found in the *boutiques*, the smart hairdressers and cosmeticians, the costume jewellers, and the jewellers proper.

At Atkinsons in Bond Street, amongst the bath luxuries and perfumed trivia of the toilet, there are also small *boutiques* to be found: tiny enamelled scent bottles for the handbag, powder compacts, beads and baubles, china powder boxes, leaf-shaped handmade pottery comfit dishes or ashtrays. Christmas-tree tokens here are far too

pretty to wrap—little powder-brushes in Cellophane boxes, miniature travelling soap-boxes containing miniature cakes of soap—mere *petits fours*.

Finding surprises for children is no difficulty, since to each new generation *everything* is new. Little Christmas tree and stocking gifts abound at Paul and Marjorie Abbott's in Wimpole Street, where there is a most helpful arrangement of the twenty-five best toys for each age, displayed in five age-groups from six months to twelve years. Here it is realized that the value of a toy must be judged by the time factor—the length of time which it will keep a child happily occupied. Hence such splendid ideas as huge *sacks* of plain wooden blocks for building, all shapes and sizes. As well as contemporary toys, there are also all the old classics, such as Snap, said to be the very first social game.

There is just one place in London where you can still get the wooden "Penny Dutch Dolls" which are so good for dressing-up. They are at Benjamin Pollock's in Monmouth Street, the specialists in toy theatres, who also have a Museum of Toys. The Dutch Dolls are from 1s. 3d. to 3s. 6d., the tallest being twelve inches. Victorian scrap-book sheets—butterflies, dogs, country scenes, etc.—are only sixpence; and anyone bitten by Victoriana or the stage can be delighted by hand-painted prints of early nineteenth-century theatrical portraits. These are 7s., or 12s. if from the original copper plates, and will be framed quickly and reasonably.

After Victoriana, Scandinaviana. The Finmar shop at Hamptons in Kensington has Gense stainless steel cutlery with black nylon handles and other table appointments from Sweden. There are iceberg flower vases, flame-proof pottery and Arabia ovenware from Finland. A Swedish individual grilling-pan for an individual bachelor who

grills by himself is an idea; or, for a particularly exquisite bachelor, a sensitive tribute could be a single-flower glass for the one perfect rose, or the more-than-perfect lily. Finmars are highly selective importers, and their imports are finding their way into many of the choicer shops. Look out for Paola Venini's modern Venetian glass. He makes such surprisingly unmodern things as hour-glasses and such deliciously useless joys as coloured glass balls, but also designs most practical and unusual table lamps and hanging light shades.

Fornasetti of Milan is a faience craftsman whose wares have found their way to London. His superbly indolent and highly expensive cats can be met at Woollands, which is the best of all hunting-grounds for Italian, French, and Scandinavian things. More useful than a cat, and equally elegant in its way, is a wrought-iron cane-handled breakfast trivet with two flames, which is only 48s. Here also is a candle-bar, with a tantalizing display of all shapes, sizes, and candle-power.

Although candles are so *comme-il-faut*, electricity has, this party season, made a brave riposte. There are long, long strings of tiny, tiny lights, no bigger than the flame of a cake-candle. You weave these strings in and out of the holly, or any foliage and glittering decoration—which is something you cannot do with real candles without committing arson. Strings of sixty-five lights are under £3 and you can buy much shorter lengths.

Personal décor is a very complimentary and festive gift. Alan Spiers, the Berkeley Square *coiffurier*, has many pretty puffs of nonsense for adorning pretty heads, made of feathers, chiffon, net, pearls, and semi-precious gems. Of course the very height of head fashion, the summit vogue, is a nylon wig. Olafson of Brompton Road is the leading exponent of *perruques*, and the lady who values her infinite variety can achieve many transformations—for these *perruques* can be resprayed to any desired colour and restyled for every party. To give as a present, is a wig a good idea? Frankly, no—altogether too much of a surprise.

"FOR WOMEN" returns in its usual two-page form next week





NOT IN THE SHOPS

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

S EASONAL surveys of gift attractions on familiar lines are already taking up enough space in the papers, magazines and letter-boxes. This survey is different. None of the articles classified can be got anywhere.

Beauty. Cut down on make-up time with a Wibbleton's **Reddifayce**, a complete face, modelled on your own, fastening invisibly over the ears with powder-base-matched elastic. Cannot slip, cockle or split. Matt or glossy finish, in eight shades, *Naturelle* to *Scorch*. Can be fitted in the car, on the escalator. Includes loops for easy hanging in cloakrooms. Special expressions to order. ★ Why suffer frayed nerves from waste-pipe noises? One gaily-packaged box of **Gurgleout** guarantees twenty-four silent baths; simply drop one in and enjoy a peace you never knew you'd missed. ★ No more ladders. No more crooked seams. No more



The "Safari" Shopping Basket

anxiety over leg-loveliness. Crabley's **Daguerro** method *photographs* stockings on to your legs. Call at the Crabley Studios to-day (lady operatives). Painless, fadeless. No messing about with developing fluid. Special heavy prints will banish unsightly hair, blemishes, knees. ★ Have you tried the new perfume, **Whiff o' the Telly?** A haunting blend of arc-lights, fan-mail and Lady Barnett. Will impress your friends and give you the chance to make that joke about Chanel No. 9. (Also for men, with tincture of Michelmore, Pickles or Horrocks added to choice. Manufacturers promise Bertrand Russell as soon as the necessary essence can be extracted.)

Health. From the Swab Press, the **Hypochondriac's Reciter**. Learn twelve exciting surgical operations by heart, and hold the stage in any family party, boarding-house, club or broken-down train. Simple diagrams included,

suitable for reproduction on backs of menus, etc. Matching, for home use only, and obtainable from the Swab Press Pharmacy, assorted **Organs in Bottles** (guaranteed genuine formaldehyde). ★ Away from the office? When they ring to ask how you are, use the sensationally successful **Huskmaster**; a fine grille the size of a halfpenny, this fits in the back of the throat and makes the voice a heartrending rasp. No danger of swallowing; our expert will take glottal measurements and fit free of charge. Money back if user not told to stay away another fortnight. ★ Every man should have a **Dennison's Double-Purpose Muscle-BUILDER**. Installed in bedroom or bathroom, has appearance of an ordinary handle-and-stretch exerciser, but electronically controlled interchangeable heads, activated in house or garden, will sweep leaves, cut grass, scare birds, pump water, rake boiler, fill hods, clean bath, prune trees, sweep snow, beat carpets, etc., etc. *And you're building muscle all the time!* ★ A fortune for sixpence. From H.M. Stationery Office or any chemist with an eye to the main chance, attractively printed pamphlet listing **Ten Thousand Prescriptions** available under the N.H.S. ★ Don't forget your **Little Hint** cards for the theatre or concert-hall, a courteous reminder to coughers and sneezers, can be passed without fuss or noise. Beautifully engraved, "Trap the Germs in Your Handkerchief" and other hygienic slogans. Many choices of type.

In the Home. A boon to the bed-maker: Sack-erby's **Selph-Center** sheets and blankets have a magnetic thread down the middle; simple push-in button attached to mattress ensures correct fall to $\frac{1}{1000}$ inch. ★ Save time with **Toplinson's Time Bank**. Take care of the minutes and the hours will take care of themselves; while kettle boils, doctor comes or frozen food thaws, during

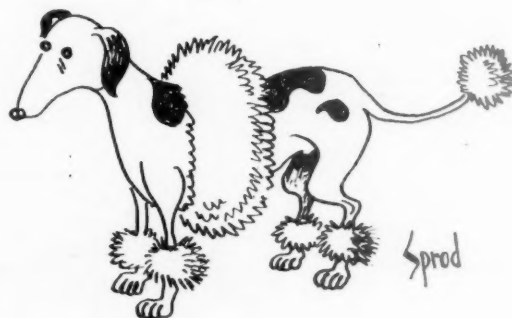
TV breakdowns and similar unoccupied periods, slip the unused moments into the **Bank**, draw out when needed to catch trains, post, etc. (Pocket-size **Banquette** invaluable to those waiting for rush-hour buses or on stand-by jury duty.) ★ No dog-lover should



The "Chambré" Claret Warmer

be without a **Doxerciser**; place Fido's feet in four comfy sockets, plug in, and he goes walkies safely and alone, *in his own home*. All sizes, Chihuahua to Great Dane. Modestly-priced adaptor enables medium sizes to be used for exercising two children, 3-5 years.

At the Office. Keep an **Inflatoclient** in a handy drawer. The complete protection against interruption from colleagues, this compact plastic package, 6 in. by 8 in. by 4 in. (folded) will self-inflate in ten seconds to a six-foot man in a good suit. Place in your interview chair with back to door and callers will



A Set of Dog Muffs will give a pet that Expensive Poodle Look

retire with apologies. ★ Also the popular **Pumpacelebrity**, guaranteed to impress. What will business competitors think when your secretary, who of course is in the secret, allows them to glimpse you apparently in conference with Lord Poole, Vic Oliver, Mr. Onassis, Samuel Beckett, Colonel



Do-It-Yourself Confetti

Nasser, etc.? (S.A.E. for complete list. Black celebrities extra.) ★ For Civil Servants, the **Ruggo Service** and heights undreamed of. Representatives call by strictly confidential appointment, rolling your carpet out like pastry and doubling its size. Sir E. R., Animal Health Division, Min. of Ag., writes: "I owe my success to the **Ruggo** man. He promoted me from Marine Superintendent to Deputy Chief Veterinary

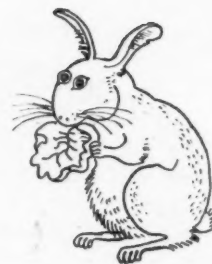
Officer overnight." ★ Fit your ball-point with a **Drychyme** clip. Looks like the standard fitting, but rings a tiny, agreeable bell when your ink supply is fifty signatures from expiry.

Toys. After all, this is the kiddies' time. What about a giant bottle of Rawlinson's **Reelblud**, genuine WD blood bank surplus? All groups. Ideal for Western romps, R. Hood, etc. Will not stick like paint, smear like ketchup. ★ No more miniatures in cardboard boxes: this year a real **Builder's Crane**. One only. (Actually used in the erection of Gateway House, London.) Postage and packing extra. ★ Bundles of **Clothing**, surplus to refugee requirements. Ideal for charades and all dressing-up. ★ An invaluable accessory for the Yuletide boy or girl, a Board of Trade attested **Swaplist**. Tears and



"Kosy Fingers" (for use with mittens)

temper saved by printed evidence that (e.g.) 1 District Nurse Set=1 mouth-organ + clockwork ambulance key+2 gn. book token. Well-printed with holly surround. Just tuck in stocking top. ★ In case of a dry Christmas, why not a **Portapuddel**? Ideal for those early evening doldrums, this puddle can be placed in any room and children can splash to their hearts' delight. Various sizes, depths. State no. in family. (Emergency draining device prevents danger of baby being held under.) ★ A white Christmas at last? If your kiddies have never seen one, a visit from our **Klauskofter** will drop up to three tons of genuine snow, also easy-to-build snowman instructions. When ordering, state whether Swiss, Scandinavian or Russian article required. No

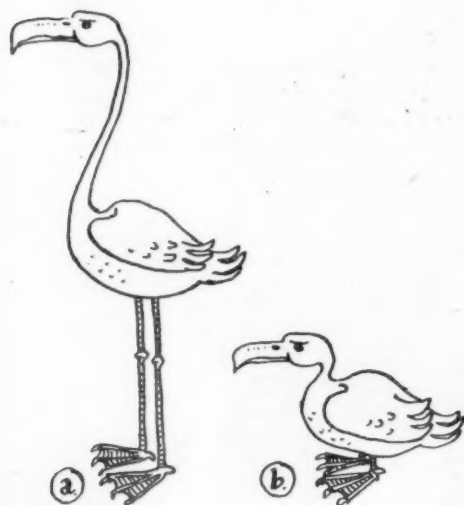


Lucky Rabbit's Foot complete with Rabbit

fridge or ice-rink scrapings, all guaranteed fallen.

Luxury and General. Bugsby's **Beem** is a simple electronic device throwing an invisible beam across thresholds and rendering it *impossible for Do-It-Yourself equipment to enter the house*. Also with variable wavelengths to repel premature flag-sellers, brush salesmen, relatives, etc., etc. ★ Does something "go through your head like a knife" every time the bell rings? In gay, puppy-motif canister, ready-perforated, Westfoot's **Wuffstractor** will take the bark out of your dog. Painless. Just sprinkle on. Wears off during burglary hours. In monster size for those with Pokes next door. ★ Relax with confidence in the future... and an **Optimo 100-Year Diary**. Contains encouraging gerontological statistics and no scientific information whatever.

For particulars of shops, etc., at which *all* the above are unobtainable, see any tradesmen's directory, commercial guide, Chamber of Commerce report, etc., or write to the following address.



A Collapsible Flamingo in (a) the open and (b) the closed position







Angela's Wishes : A Christmas Playlet

By T. S. WATT

It is Christmas Eve. ANGELA, a child burglar, is in her bedroom, preparing for an expedition.

ANGELA:

Where the hell is my lightweight bludgeon for the frail and elderly? *A Fairy appears.*

FAIRY:

Strong language, and on Christmas Eve, to boot, That's something up with which I will not put!

(Aside). I shouldn't have had that last frost and moonbeam cocktail. It's gone straight to my verse.



ANGELA:

What next! I lose my bludgeon, dash it all, And now this chattering hag seeps through the wall!

FAIRY:

Silence, bad child! In Fairyland it's said That up with burglary you're feeling fed; You grumble when you have a crib to crack, And ten to one bring next to nothing back. I would be proud to have such work to do, And so should naughty little girls like you!

ANGELA:

You've never fallen through a greenhouse roof With a cocktail cabinet, a Crown Derby tea-set, a tape-recorder, two bottles of gin and an ash-tray made out of a horse's hoof.

FAIRY:

We all have set-backs—even Milton had— Not this one, I should say, but just as bad; You need a Christmas present, I can see— I'll grant three wishes: what are they to be?

ANGELA:

Well, I know I have to help to support Mummy, because Daddy's only a schoolmaster, and even with singing outside people's houses he can hardly pay for his National Insurance stamps; but I never seem to get any time to myself like my friends. After I fell through the greenhouse roof I had a week off, and I watched a lot of television and saw how other people enjoyed themselves. So could I go to a rock 'n' roll session, please?

(The FAIRY waves her wand, and ANGELA finds herself standing in a line of girls along which sidles ROCK-A-BOY BLUE JOHNSON, holding a microphone. He takes ANGELA's hand and looks into her eyes.)

ROCK-A-BOY BLUE JOHNSON:

Ring-a-ding-a-ding,
Oh, ring-a-ding-a-ding,
Oh, ring-a-ding-a-ding-ding-ding,
I'm wild about you,
I tell you it's true,
So what can I do but sing—*wow!*
Ring-a-ding-a-ding,
Oh, ring-a-ding-a-ding,
Oh, ring-a-ding-a-ding—

ANGELA:

Get me out of this. *(The FAIRY does so.)*

FAIRY:

Perhaps you take a brighter view of burglary Since listening to this adolescent gurgery?

ANGELA:

Well, it was such a foul din, near to, and I could see his awful uvula glistening. May I try something quiet and intelligent, please? What about the Brains Trust?

(The scene changes, and ANGELA joins PROFESSOR ROLLER, DOCTOR VOLGA and DAME ROSEMARY GOODMAN at a Brains Trust session.)



QUESTION-MASTER:

The first question comes from Mrs. Parr, of Ashton-in-Makerfield. "Proust describes," writes Mrs. Parr, "how his young hero is rebuked by one of his seniors for (I quote) 'speaking at cross-purposes like a deaf man, thereby adding a second absurdity to that of having anchors embroidered on your bathing-dress.' How is it that personal adornment nowadays seems to be the prerogative of the frailer sex?"



ANGELA:

It's the expense. If a bank manager went rushing down to work in a cloud of tulle—

QUESTION-MASTER:

Angela.

ANGELA:

—it'd look pretty awful at the end of the day, what with smuts and getting squashed in the train. He'd have to keep buying new creations and he couldn't afford it—not with National Insurance stamps at the price they are now.



QUESTION-MASTER:

Professor Roller?

ROLLER:

Well, of course, Prumph has said all there is to say about this nearly fifty years ago. If Mrs. Parr—

ANGELA:

I've remembered something else! Dressing-gowns! I once happened to acquire a man's—

ROLLER:

Will you for pity's sake not interrupt until I've finished—

ANGELA:

When I couldn't.

ROLLER:

I was about to say, if only I can get the words out of my mouth, that Batwick's Smew in full courting livery is a very pretty sight.

QUESTION-MASTER:

Dame Rosemary?



DAME ROSEMARY:

Of course it is not so very long ago that Disraeli was wearing purple trousers with a gold band down the seam, a scarlet waistcoat and long lace ruffles. The last thing I want to do is to introduce the Party note, but I am sure that Gladstone never came to the House in trousers—

ANGELA:

This man's dressing-gown—

DAME ROSEMARY:

NEVER CAME TO THE HOUSE IN TROUSERS TRICKED

OUT WITH ANY SUCH FURBELOWS. It seems to me that this difference in dress has a parallel to-day in the personalities of our young Conservatives and Liberals: on the one side all cheap and trashy ostentation—on the other, a sober and workmanlike application to the problems of our time.

QUESTION-MASTER:

Doctor Volga?

VOLGA:

This is an extraordinarily interesting question, and I'm very glad Mrs. Parr has asked it. I think there are six reasons for this change, and I'd like to look at them in a little detail, if I may. When Macbeth gave his advice to Laertes on the Rialto—

ANGELA:

Get me out of this. (ANGELA'S bedroom.)

FAIRY:

A single wish remains, so make a good one— One wouldn't want to waste the lot, now would one?

ANGELA:

I think I'd like to go to the theatre. I remember once, long ago, when the stamps were about half the price they are now, and I didn't have to burgle, Daddy took me to see *Peter Pan*. It was lovely! Surely a theatre should be nice!

FAIRY:

Some like the modern mode, but I am bound To say that off with it I'm slightly browned. (The scene changes to a theatre. On the stage an OLD MAN hangs by his legs from a trapeze, knitting a sock. A NEGRO in armour is shovelling seaweed into a grandfather clock. A young GIRL is casting a salmon fly to an ARMY OFFICER.)

NEGRO:

Onions are up again.

OLD MAN:

April is the cruellest month.

OFFICER:

What are we here for?

GIRL:

Entertainment.

ANGELA:

Get me out of here. (ANGELA'S bedroom.)

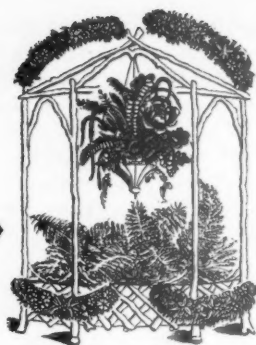
FAIRY:

Now, child, your wishes will indeed be wasted If you forget the terrors you have tasted: Remember, then, when burgling seems to cloy, The squallings of the dreadful Rock-a-Boy, The babble of the dull or peevish Brain, The scribe who mystifies to entertain. When all is said, there is no play like work: Off to your crib, and in it put a jerk!



Notes for Your Party

By E. S. TURNER



EVERYONE knows it is wrong to serve guests sturgeon at a round table piled with jasmine, but there is more to entertaining than that.

What better time than Christmas for a fearless examination of our shortcomings as hosts and hostesses? The fault of most of us, as our great-aunts will almost certainly confirm, is that *we just do not take enough trouble*.

Be honest with yourself: when did you last take out the windows of your house in order that the young folks could hold a dance?

Do you simply roll up the carpet and let them get on with it, or do you hire a team of skilled workmen to stretch a glazed dancing cloth over your Aubusson?

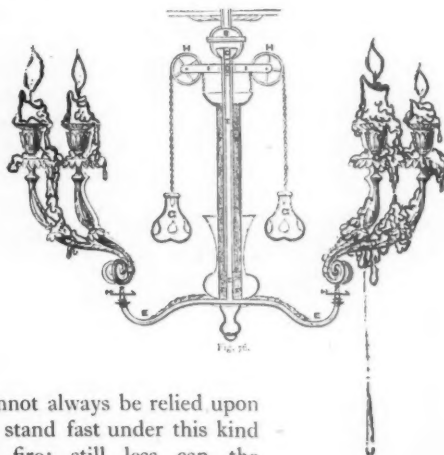
You may give your guests cubes of coloured ice to put in their drinks, but do you strew king-size blocks of coloured ice about the house?

So much have our notions of hospitality deteriorated that not everyone will know *why* it is necessary to remove the windows from the frames before holding a dance. It is, as your great-aunt will tell you, only the first step towards ensuring congenial ventilation; the next step is to cover the apertures with artistic draperies of muslin and lace. Also, the external balconies of your house should be enclosed with gay bunting in order to give your guests more sitting-out space. But not wholly enclosed; small windows must be inserted in the coverings, and these in turn must be draped with lace curtains. Any good do-it-yourself manual will tell you how to build windows in bunting.

The doors of the drawing-room should be removed, too, and replaced by *portière* curtains. It is asking a good deal of a woman to expect her to make

an effective entrance through an ordinary doorway.

All this must be done in such a way that sudden gusts of air do not flutter the wax candles (for, surely, you are not depending wholly on electricity?) Even the most worldly-wise escort is sometimes at a loss to know what to do when hot blobs of wax fall on the bare bosom of his lady; and so is the lady. Moreover, the musicians of the Grenadier Guards (hired at 10s. to 15s. per man)



cannot always be relied upon to stand fast under this kind of fire; still less can the Yeomanry and Local Volunteers (at 8s. to 10s.).

To decorate your suite you will doubtless have sent out for a supply of exotics from the home garden (or even, at a pinch, from the away garden). But it is important not to overdo things. If your house is well stocked with bronzes, statuary, vases and suits of armour (or even with flights of china geese) you really have no need of floral embellishments. If it is wrong to gild the lily,

obviously it is wrong to impose lilies over the gilding.

Only by the observance of points like these can a hostess be sure her dance-floor will not be deserted by midnight, the guests having quietly moved on to another house where the subtleties of hospitality are understood. A hostess nervous of her ground should not shrink from handing over the management of the whole affair, including the guest list, to a lady of higher social status and unquestioned *savoir faire*. The result may well be that her own friends are excluded from her house, but that is a modest price to pay for a reputation as a hostess.

She will be wise to content herself, at first, with entertaining between eighty and two hundred guests; if more than that number are invited the function is, of course, no longer a dance but a ball.

By now the reader may be demanding more specific authority for some of the foregoing statements than the hypothetical word of one or two unidentified great-aunts. The recommendations are those of "A Member of the Aristocracy" who, within the lifetime of some of us, published much-sought-after works with titles like *Manners and Tone of Good Society* and *Society Small Talk*. The full range of his works is hard to chart, but it is unlikely that he was the author of *How She Managed Without a*



Servant or How We Did Without Lodgings at the Seaside.

Let us, with "A Member of the Aristocracy" at our elbow, consider the giving of dinner parties. The first essential is that whatever food is served should be newly in season. A guest who has been eating salmon at other people's houses when it was 4s. 6d. a pound is not going to thank you if you serve it when the price, as he well knows, has fallen to 1s. 3d. Similarly, if you give him oysters, he has a right to expect that you have paid at least 3s. a dozen for them; and he will wave away plovers' eggs that cost less than 8s. per dozen or spring chickens at less than 9s. 6d. a couple. Sweetbreads are fairly safe, because they are always expensive. "Ignorance of when things are in season often causes a hostess to overlook something that has just come in, in favour of something that is just going out." It is true that a willing tradesman is always ready to advise on what is new and expensive, but a hostess ought to know these things for herself.

Not that money should be unnecessarily squandered. A haunch of venison costs £2 2s., but as one can buy half a buck for the same sum, why not?

Although guests appreciate novelty, they will not necessarily be grateful for sturgeon, which is "oftener seen at family dinners than at dinner parties." Eels, for the same reason, should be avoided. Crimped salmon is permissible, even though "kind-hearted women shudder at the idea of thus inflicting deep cuts upon fish that is yet alive" merely in order to make it more digestible.

There may still be a few guests who will not look at saddle of mutton unless it comes from a four-year-old sheep, but their numbers are dwindling. Younger people tend to prefer mutton from two-year-olds.

The custom of serving four *entrées* is also going out. A host's aim should be "to give *entrées* of the highest possible character to tempt the appetite rather than to satisfy it."

Primarily, large dinners are given to

please the palates of gentlemen with epicurean tastes. For this reason "it is not expected that ladies should eat of the most highly seasoned and richest dishes given, but should rather select the plainest on the menu." This applies chiefly to young ladies, single or married, for it is recognized that "middle-aged and elderly ladies are at liberty to do pretty well as they please without

or absent-minded enough to examine champagne corks in the houses of those with whose cellars they are not thoroughly acquainted."

Moreover, conversation tends to wither and die in the presence of a gourmet. This problem is tackled most sympathetically and understandingly in *Society Small Talk*. On the way in to dinner the epicure and the lady thrust



provoking comment or even observation." In no circumstances, however, should a lady help herself to wine.

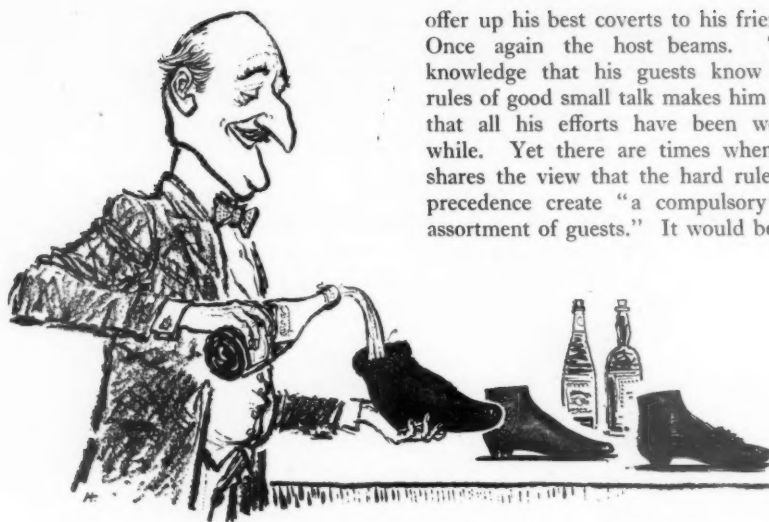
In particular, young ladies should decline larks, and especially larks stuffed with oysters (even though there is but one oyster to one lark). This is their opportunity to admire the dexterity with which an epicure carves his lark on the plate, eating each piece of meat as it is detached.

Those epicures can be difficult company. They are very sensitive to the scent of any but the freshest of fruit and they resent the table being stacked with odorous blooms like hyacinth and jasmine (doubtless they also dislike phul-nana and chypre, but there is not much they can do about it). Some of these *bons viveurs* are even "curious

upon him have worked through the routine exchanges like "When did you come up?" (or "When did you come down?"). He may even have asked her "Do you paint on china?" and have been asked in return "Do you model in soap?"

At the table the lady inquires of her companion, point blank, whether he prefers food to conversation. Appreciating her straightforward approach, he replies "I hope you won't think me quite a bear if I own to a predilection for doing one thing at a time."

This would silence many. But a well-bred lady of spirit comes back with "You are not singular in your choice. There are, I believe, many people who cannot say agreeable things and enjoy the pleasures of the palate at the same



offer up his best coverts to his friends. Once again the host beams. The knowledge that his guests know the rules of good small talk makes him feel that all his efforts have been worth while. Yet there are times when he shares the view that the hard rules of precedence create "a compulsory ill-assortment of guests." It would be far

his box. Probably he will prefer to hail a passing boy and politely request him to ring the bell, indicating with his whip the door in question. Not all passing boys, however, can be relied upon to respond politely to a request of this kind, and both coachman and passenger may find themselves faced with gratuitous impertinence from a member of the lower orders.

There is a third possible course of action, which not every well-bred lady would care to contemplate; namely, that she should climb out of the carriage and ring the bell for herself. Frankly, one is a little surprised to find "A Member of the Aristocracy" recommending this course. He says that it is sometimes done by "ladies with more sense and less dignity." This is one of the very few occasions when one feels that the author is allowing his better judgment to be impaired by the restless, adventurous spirit of the age.

There are various other forms of hospitality on which advice is offered, notably bachelors' breakfasts (at which it is smarter to serve claret than champagne) and afternoon dances. The latter are not held in London but are a feature of that quaint social life which goes on in the provinces, and are popular with officers of military garrisons. A piano band is adequate for the occasion. For refreshment the hostess need supply only champagne cup, claret cup, tea, coffee, and ices.

Would it not be easier, perhaps, to give a tea party? But a certain amount of trouble must be taken even in making a cup of tea. A careful hostess would not dream of filling the kettle just by holding it under the kitchen tap. The proper water to use is spring water, and failing that river water, or conceivably well water. Tap water is not even mentioned.

moment, and in devoting themselves to one they lose the subtle aroma of the other, which they prefer to 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul.'

The gentleman, tearing his gaze from the *chaudfroids*, protests that his partner is being very severe; after all, he only tried to give her an honest answer. As a gesture he says he will wave away the next course, which consists of sweetbreads. In mock distress the lady protests that he must on no account seek to propitiate her by such an act of self-abnegation, but he insists. Then, when the dish is safely out of the way, he tries to pretend that he never intended to eat sweetbreads, and adds, maliciously, "Let me whisper—a sweetbread is a gland." Pretending that she did not know this, the lady vows she will become a vegetarian on the spot. The conversational ball is now rolling merrily, the host beams, and the servant removes the unwanted glands. They have served their purpose.

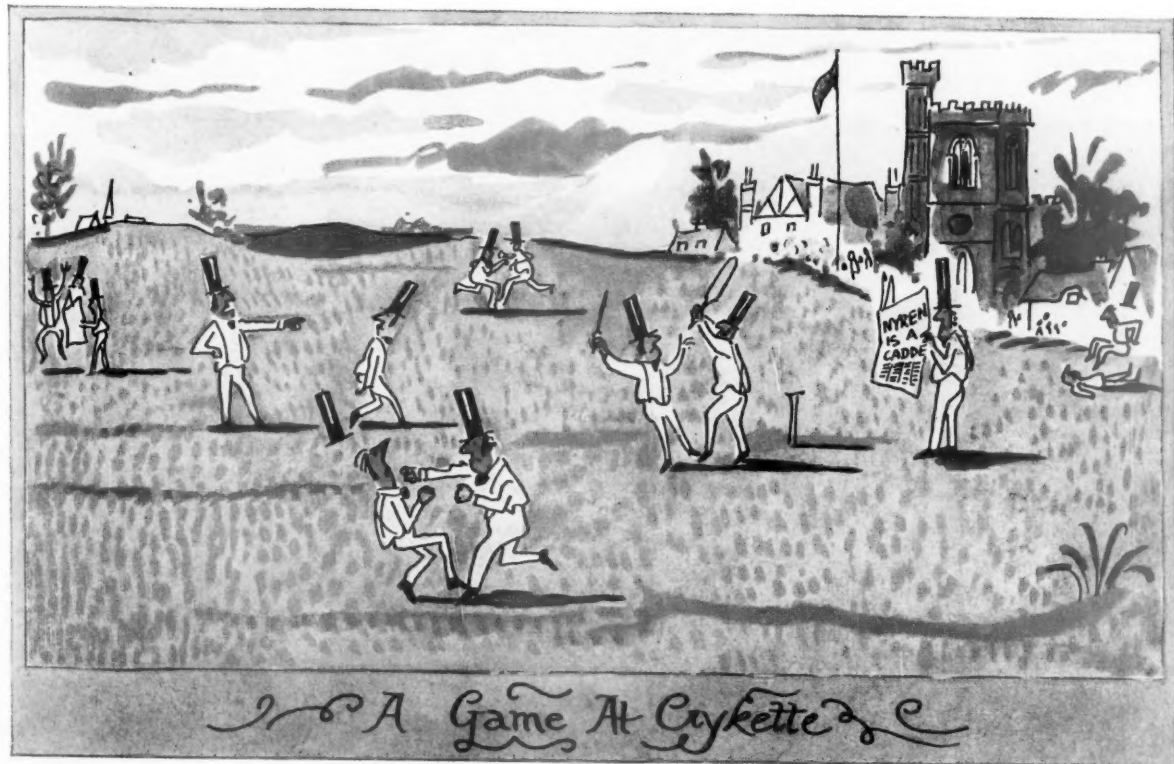
There is another opening by which a lady guest can score off a gourmet and that is by commenting, *à propos* the *pâtés de cailles*, "I think it is very cruel the way these poor little birds are kept alive in flat wooden boxes on view at the poulterers." If he knows his small talk the gentleman will reply with a *tu quoque*, pointing out the miseries endured by those birds which yield up their feathers for feminine headgear. His partner will then be driven to deplore the slaughter of the autumn *battues*, to which the only answer is that a good sportsman cannot do other than

better, he thinks, to seat the high-born all together at a separate table (not, of course, a round table), or even on a dais, as one does with a serene highness and his intimates, instead of "sending them down to dinner according to the claims of their ancestors rather than on their own merits."

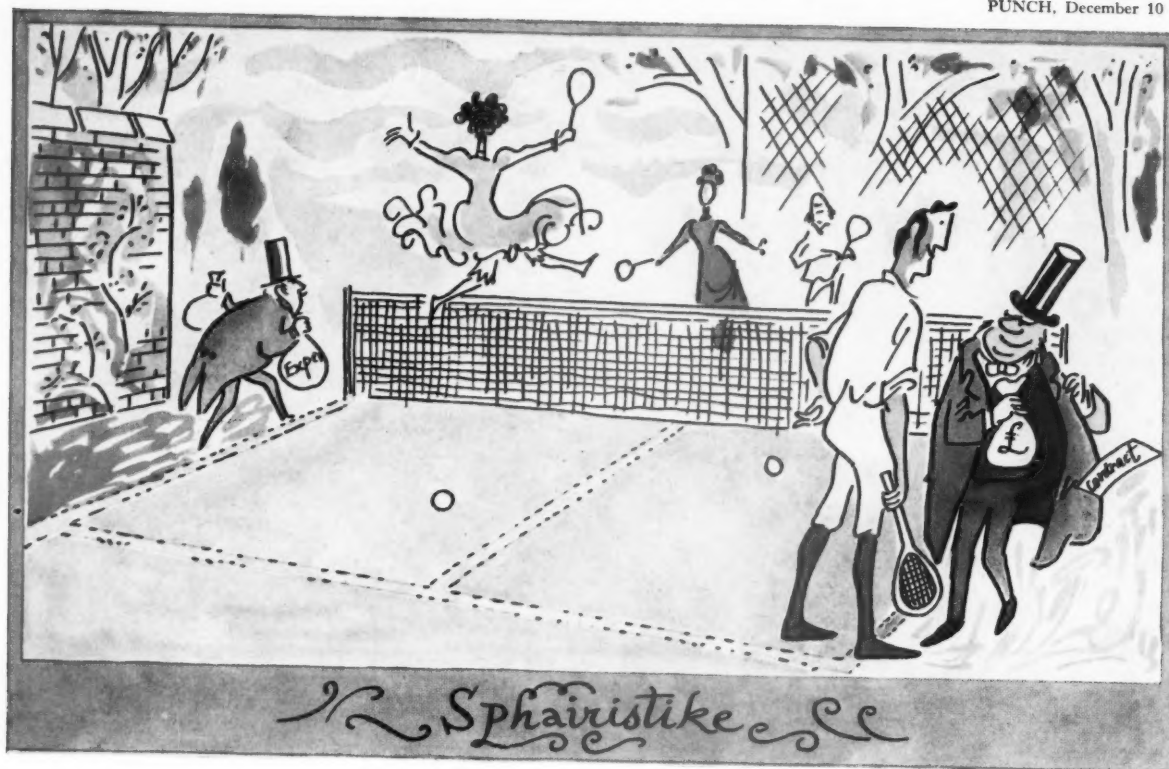
A host who has only a modest establishment of servants is careful not to employ outdoor men at his dinner table, for the "trail of the serpent," otherwise the odour of the stables, may cling to their persons. If he employs hired servants he makes a point of informing the agency that he wants only spruce young men, not elderly ones. When asked why he dislikes elderly waiters he replies "They have an objectionable habit of wheezing and puffing and breathing hard when pouring out wine." No conscientious host should feel embarrassed at making such stipulations as these. After all, smart young waiters cost no more than slovenly old ones.

The thoughtful host is also careful to ensure that he has a presentable servant to open the door. Unfortunately, he cannot always be aware of the humiliations suffered on his doorstep by respectable callers before the door is opened. As an extreme example, consider the dilemma of a lady who is obliged to travel in a hired carriage without her own footman. Arriving at the house, she faces the problem of ringing the doorbell. If she "desires" the coachman to do so, the fellow may well be reluctant to climb down from





WHY NOT GIVE AN OLD SPORTING PRINT THIS YEAR?—I



WHY NOT GIVE AN OLD SPORTING PRINT THIS YEAR?—II



In the City

Who Wins in Europe?

IT is too early yet to "cry havoc" about the proposals for free trade in Europe and call down the curses of a trade war upon this poor continent. There have been many ups and downs in the attempts to negotiate a link between the six countries of the Common Market and the other eleven countries which have been joined with them since 1948 in the Organization for European Economic Co-operation. Recently we have been in the very nadir of the downs. The position, however, is by no means hopeless.

In the prevailing confusion one fact is clear beyond all doubt. The six countries of the Common Market are due to take their first practical step towards the elimination of tariff and trade restrictions on January 1. They will reduce tariffs on one another's imports by 10 per cent and increase by 20 per cent the import quotas that still restrict their mutual trade. If they do so in isolation it will be the beginning of discrimination in Western Europe where, up to this moment, all countries are treating one another alike, whether in commercial or payments arrangements.

Though there has been too much tendency in this controversy to be "beastly to the French," it must be said that it was the determined and successful efforts of France that finally killed the Free Trade Area project. Once the Common Market Treaty was signed, France, having thus subjected herself to more competition from Germany, decided to call it a day and not to invite further competition from countries outside the six.

France's has not been the only voice in the Common Market, and as soon as the Free Trade Area proposals were flung out by M. Soustelle the three little Benelux countries, the true home of economic liberalism in Europe, arose in their united strength and made some counter-proposals which have a very fair chance of being accepted. These would extend the 10 per cent

tariff cuts not only to all countries in Western Europe but to the fifty-three countries that have signed the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT). They would also extend the proposed increases in quotas to the eleven other members of O.E.E.C. These would operate only for a year, but at least they would paper the cracks for that period and provide a much needed interval during which further negotiations for associating the other countries of Europe with the six of the Common Market could take place in an atmosphere that would not be poisoned by commercial discrimination and the tit-for-tat which this would invoke.

The uncertainty which still surrounds this whole problem is not preventing some enterprising firms from going ahead with their European development plans. One good example is provided by Standard Motors, whose new factory at Beauvais will soon be turning out a steady supply of tractors. If the Free

In the Country



The Christmas Turkey

ABOUT two hundred years ago it was a source of seasonal interest to see flocks of turkeys and geese driven to London for the Christmas sales. The birds came from their Norfolk farms alive, were assembled at Norwich, then raced along the road by poultry boys.

Bets were laid and the sensations were equal to a race week at Epsom. On one particular year Lord Queensberry and Lord Orford wagered £1,000 on which flock of birds would reach London first. Lord Orford won with the geese, which in spite of their slower pace, plodded on when the turkeys insisted on roosting at nightfall.

The roosting instinct among turkeys is so strong that they will pile on top of each other, and those at the bottom remain in position until the weight of those on top crushes them to death. Farmers avoid this by fixing perches on large trees. It is a common sight in Norfolk to see hundreds of turkeys at

Trade Area comes off, the Standard factories at Coventry will in any case have their work cut out to supply their present overseas markets. If it does not come off, then at least Standards will have the advantage of manufacturing within the Common Market and having the run of this outlet of one hundred and sixty million people.

Another harbinger of things to come is the recent competition for a participation in British Aluminium. Regardless of the rights and the wrongs of the contending bids and of the see-saw effects which they have had on the market value of the shares, here is reassuring evidence that American capital is interested in coming into this concern. In this decision the two groups interested in British Aluminium have, without a doubt, been encouraged by the wider opportunities which a larger market in Europe would offer to this extremely efficient organization.

LOMBARD LANE

rest on a hefty elm or oak, turning them into Christmas-dinner trees.

The combination of breeding experience and the special qualities of the soil make Norfolk turkeys among the best in the world. The birds are difficult to rear, for there are thirty-five distinct diseases to which they are susceptible, including mumps. One Norfolk farmer estimates that out of ten thousand eggs laid in February he gets only two thousand birds for the Christmas table.

Deep-freeze storage is one of the solutions to this problem, for it enables the farmer to kill the bird in its prime and keep it "fresh" for several months. Deep-freezing, however, remains more popular with the farmer than the consumer. This is the reason why we still see the prime birds in the shops.

The selected young turkey should have a long, straight and broad breast with plenty of firm flesh on it, its legs should be smooth and black, its feet moist and the wattles (the fleshy part under the throat) bright red. The older, and consequently tougher turkey, has rough and reddish legs.

The flesh should be smooth to the touch. When a bird has been on display too long it becomes clammy and sticky. This is sometimes covered with a sprinkling of flour, so beware of birds "dressed" for the occasion.

One final point: a minute or two with a tape measure can save a lot of trouble on Christmas morning, if your generosity to the family has exceeded the size of your oven.

GEOFFREY HUMPHRYS

Toby Competitions



O. S. Chedburn, 51 Southfield Road, Tuffley, Glos. (Book token)

No. 46—What's to Come
PROPHECIES for 1959 are requested—in the political, social, artistic, literary or any other field rewarding to the seer. Real or imaginary people may be involved.

A prize consisting of a framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up will receive book tokens to the value of one guinea. Entries (any number but each on a separate piece of paper and accompanied by a separate entry token, cut out from the bottom left-hand corner of this page) by first post on Friday, December 19, to TOBY COMPETITION No. 46, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4. Post early in view of Christmas delays.

Report on Competition No. 43 (May Nothing You Dismay)

Christmas cards from a juvenile delinquent were called for, drawn or suggested in words. Let the selection of pictures reproduced here speak for themselves. There was plenty of fertile imagination (some a shade too macabre), and a lively sense of design among the amateur artists. Book tokens for all these, except the winner.



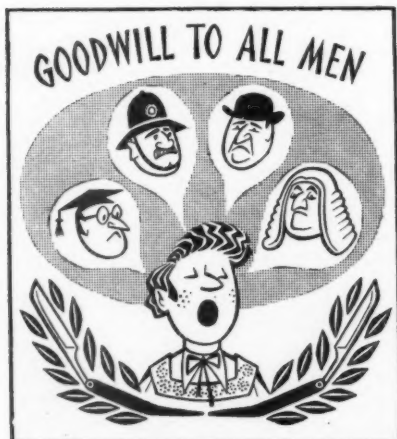
Wm. McCrea, 33 Bridge Road, Ashton-on-Ribble, Preston, Lancs. (Book token)



Jane Southgate, 68 High Road, Buckhurst Hill, Essex (Prize winner)



Michael Birt, Stone House, Staunton-on-Wye, Herefordshire (Book token)



J. Ahern, 6 Cecil Street, Glasgow, W. 2 (Book token)



J. E. Hedges, 12 Tarlington Road, Coventry (Book token)



Florida exhaustively examined from the standpoint of total ignorance

11 LAND OF FLOWERS

YOU might think there would be something special—something even awe-inspiring—about the moment when a man comes face to face with his first sausage tree. You might picture him sitting in his hotel room late the same night, trembling with a strange, inner excitement as he fills a page and a half of his diary with material of this kind:

Weather continues good. To-day I had my FIRST GLIMPSE OF A SAUSAGE TREE. How can I convey the magic quality of this chance encounter? Suffice it to say that life will somehow never be quite the same from this day on! Picture, if you will, stark and proud against a gaudy background of etc., etc.

It wasn't like that with me. "Get more aspirin," was all that I put in my diary, "and see about sailings for Southampton."

I hope I'm as thrill-hungry as the next man: no poker-faced sophisticate I, to pass a field of jet-black tulips or a brace of double-headed Skye terriers without so much as a piercing scream. But the fact is there is a limit, and I reached it—punch-drunk and slightly trampled-on—in a place called St. Petersburg, Fla. There was this sausage tree, and there I was standing before it, in the Sunken Gardens, hemmed in by a jostling crowd of bright-clad, sun-peeled,

chunky-limbed amateur photographers in dark glasses. From all sides there came cries of well-fed astonishment, in a variety of regional accents, each tinged with an overtone of national pride.

"Holy cats, a sausage tree already!"

"Well, I do declare! Mervyn, will you look at that!"

"What exposure you got, Fred?"

"Landsakes, man, that's the most!"

And suddenly, as the myriad voices yelped and sang around me, I had had enough. My mind reeled with wonders: I was faint with an overdose of nature's marvels; giddy with the sight of elaborate fantasies dreamed up by cunning Man. After three weeks in Florida, the Land of Flowers, the Sunshine State, the playground paved with expense-sheets, cigar-bands and tote-tickets, what could a sausage tree possibly mean to me? Had I not already, not an hour before, seen actual shrunken heads in the St. Petersburg City Museum? Had I not been told that a local newspaper gives away one entire edition if the sun fails to appear before 2 p.m.? Had I not seen part of a mermaid through a glass-bottomed boat at Silver Springs, and touched the 1937 Mercedes-Benz for which the King of Afghanistan paid \$40,000? Had I not heard a Bach Festival at Rollins College in Winter Park, after tramping up a Walk of Fame along which were stones taken from the birthplaces of six hundred bona fide World Personalities? Had I not hunted panther, wildcat and black bear, bathed in swimming-pools of filtered, scented sea-water, stood face to face with sooty

tern and blue-faced booby on the Tortugas, and survived a six-day Shanty Boat Cruise up the Caloosahatchee River into Lake Okeechobee at a cost of \$108 plus tax, with all meals and a swamp-buggy trip into the heart of a mangrove jungle, where I lost a monogrammed cigarette-lighter and met a Seminole Indian called Harrison, thrown in?

I had indeed: and I had done more. Even before I set foot in Florida I had flown hundreds of miles to the Badlands of North Dakota for breakfast, in a plane with running water owned by an Alabama cotton man. When he lived in North Dakota as a boy he used to like the way they fried eggs in a certain wayside diner near Medora (alt. 2,248 ft.). When we got there it was closed, and he wasn't too sure it was the right place anyway, so we flew to South Dakota. "I am a man of Quixotic whims," he said, as we flew across deep ravines, rugged terrain, unparalleled scenic wonders, mammoth formations, and grim masses of bare rock abounding in paleontological material of great interest, "and I have a notion that we should go down the Broken Boot Gold Mine."

This we did. The mine is in Deadwood, a pretty little place in the Black Hills, and we stayed there for three days on the off chance of striking a rich lode down some unfrequented side street. We failed in this, and as it was winter time we were also unable to see an entertainment called "The Trial of Jack McCall for the Murder of Wild

Bill Hickok," which is staged in Deadwood five nights a week during the summer. This was one of the severest disappointments of my whole trip, only partly alleviated by my being shown Hickok's grave in the Mount Moriah Cemetery, together with those of Calamity Jane, Preacher Smith and Potato Creek Johnny. Jack McCall himself was hanged at Yankton. Whatever became of Deadwood Dick and Fly-Speck Billy I have so far been unable to ascertain.

Before leaving South Dakota, which is called the Sunshine State just like Florida, although I don't think they give many newspapers away, I insisted on visiting Mount Rushmore National Memorial, where a man* used to carve people's heads out of the solid granite of a mountain top. Seeing that I was impressed by the sight, my host decided that we should fly slowly past the four gentlemen so grossly presented (they have heads between sixty and seventy feet long), and as he steered in close to Lincoln I saw him deliberately lean out of the cockpit and thumb his nose.

"You crafty old fox!" I cried, above the roar of the engines. "It wasn't fried eggs you came up here for at all!" He only winked, and turned the plane's nose towards Alabama.

Certainly, I mused, political scars are not easily healed in this country.

It was immediately after this that I elected, of my own free will, to brave the Florida winter. When I tell you that Key West is the only city in the United States that never has frost, and that the guests in my Tallahassee hotel were requested not to remove their shirts in the dining-room unless a rocket was fired off in the gardens to signify that the air-conditioning had *actually broken down*, you will have some idea of the prevailing conditions. In one small town I slept with an electric fan in the bed, and on Thanksgiving Day in Tampa the raspberry ice-cream I was given with my Christmas pudding abruptly melted when a man at the next table lit a cigarette.

Because of my romantic and unquenchable appetite for the bizarre, the light-hearted, the quaint or the sentimental aspects of life in the twentieth century, I was particularly keen to inspect a turpentine camp; but for some reason I could find no one willing to

take me to one. "Look at it this way," they said, getting me into corners and lowering their voices. "You're here to enjoy yourself, right? So why go around getting wrong ideas in your head about matters that are none of your damn business anyway, when you could be lying out on some beach with a cute doll and nothing to do but rub her back with sun-oil? Go to Miami," they said, "and see the flamingoes."

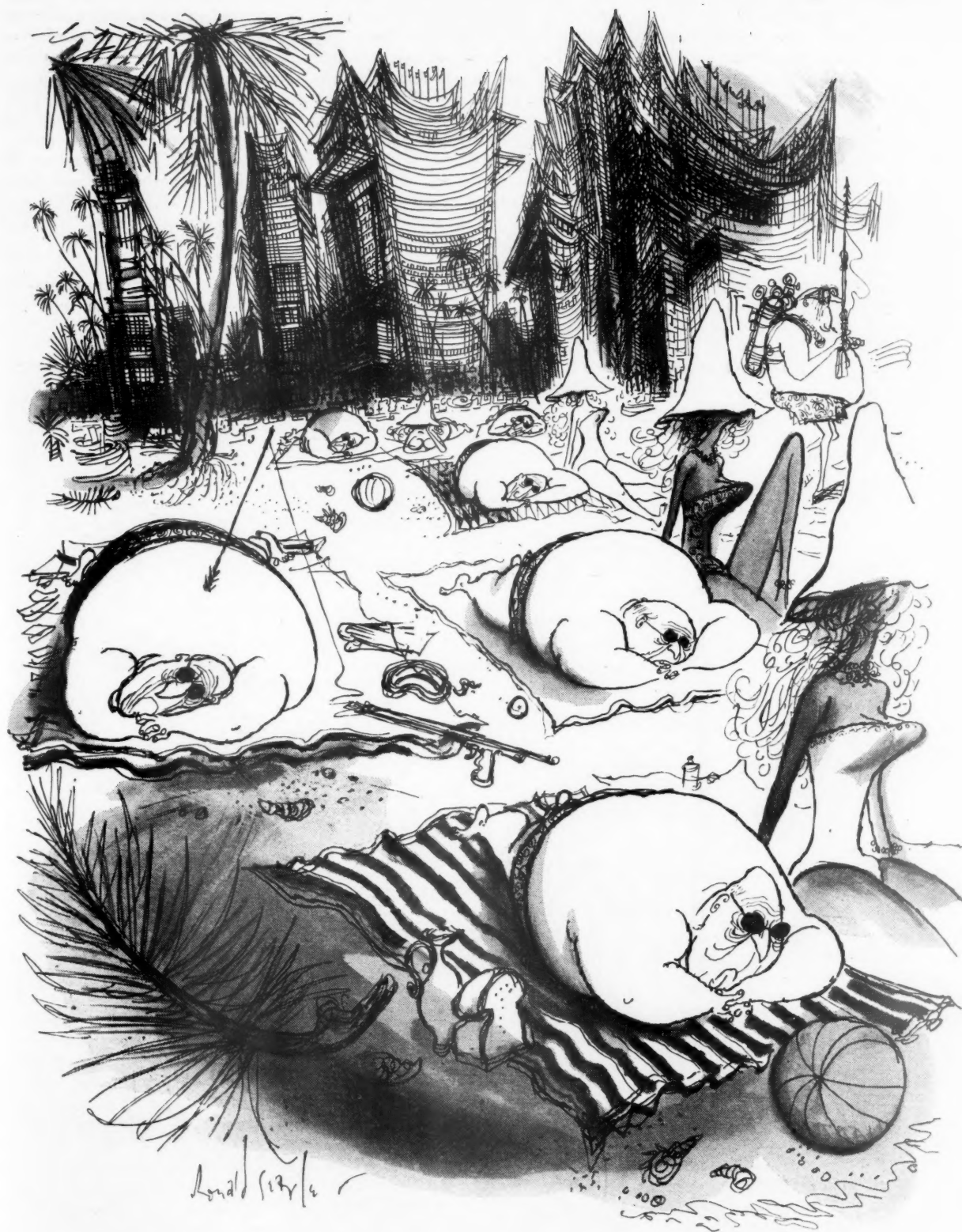
I went to Miami early in January. There was a temperature of 70 degrees on the day I arrived, but we also had a little precipitation: one point seven, to be exact—not enough to soak you to the skin, but a reminder just the same of the cruel forces nature has at her command. Miami consists of a seven-mile beach and nearly three hundred thousand people engaged in wheedling money out of the visitors, who love it. I stayed in a small hotel (fourteen storeys) crammed with beach photographers and their caption-writers. All night long the caption-writers would sit in the lounge, eating winter strawberries and composing their lyrical copy. "Brrr!!" they kept on writing. "*Chilly? Not a bit, says curvy starlet Janice Pigalle, caught here by our candid cameraman as she emerges from a dip in the briny. But then, Janice is on location in far-off sunny Florida. Lucky Janice! Lucky cameraman! Lucky you!!*" In the daytime I trudged about, moving an inch at a time, carried along in the endless crush of perspiring millionaires as they trod their weary pilgrimage of pleasure. With them I saw the Monkey Jungle, where the spectators stand in cages and the monkeys are guaranteed wild; the amphitheatre at Bayfront Park, which seats six thousand, but the show better be good; the Parrot Jungle; the alligator-wrestling; the water-skiing; the jai alai; the coastguards; and the Spanish Monastery, eight miles to the north, which was built in Segovia, Spain, in 1141, occupied by Cistercian monks, taken apart stone by stone on the instructions of William R. Hearst in the nineteen-twenties, shipped to the U.S. in ten thousand seven hundred and fifty-one crates, taken out of storage in 1951, and reassembled here stone by stone—painstakingly, and no doubt for a very good reason. (Adm. \$1.30.)

Later, in Palm Beach I found the older and less active millionaires. All is genteel and decorous here, for the quiet

charm and tropical beauty of the place is jealously preserved. (Frinton comes to mind.) One proceeds sedately along Ocean Boulevard to one's private beach in one's Afromobile or bicycle-chair, and one sits under one's sunshade (or, at the first sign of precipitation, in one's rented cabana) wondering what those fiends back in Wall Street are up to, and whether they've found out yet that one's secretary *hasn't* gone to spend the winter with her Aunt Hattie in St. Paul, Minnesota.

I soon found that it is impossible to spend much time in Florida without entering into the carnival spirit. After a few days, therefore, having bought rope-soled shoes, a lemon-yellow play-shirt decorated with alternate gold and ultramarine beer cans, a Panama hat, Florida ankle-socks, Bermuda shorts, a Malacca cane, a Shantung beach coat, a Countess Mara tie and a pocket-size self-loading air-cooled colour cine-camera in Morocco leather case with built-in telescopic tripod and flash-bulb attachment, I lit a Havana cigar and plunged headlong into the social whirl. I will not pretend that the cute dolls flocked around me to any noticeable extent, because for one thing word quickly spread through the Florida grapevine that I always waited for my change from a fifty-dollar bill, and for another thing it must have been obvious from the start that the hired dinghy I had moored in the Yacht Basin at Daytona Beach was hardly adequate for champagne supper parties, let alone week-end trips to Cuba. None the less, I got about. I tried my hand at such vacation entertainments as skeet-shooting, shuffleboard and the judging of beauty contests. I visited the Seminoles in their straw huts deep in the shadowy Everglades, all among the palm trees, the water-lilies, and the powerful launches of the documentary-film makers. (These Seminoles refused to go to Oklahoma with the other displaced Indian persons in 1841, and have been hiding here ever since, not recognizing the U.S. Government and making their own separate declaration of war on Nazi Germany. They mostly hunt frogs.) I saw peat bogs and cement factories. I photographed pelicans, white ibis, egret, osprey, a titanium oxide works, and a three-thousand-year-old cypress tree. I went to St. Augustine, the oldest city in the country, which,

* Gutzon Borglum



they assured me, was twice sacked by pirates: once by the English freebooter John Davis and once by Sir Francis Drake. This is a very lovely place, with overhanging balconies, grilled windows, patios, and a hum of Spanish guitars in the air.

I saw the spring training quarters of the Detroit Tigers at Lakeland, the spring training quarters of the Brooklyn Dodgers at Wakulla Springs, the winter home of Harriet Beecher Stowe at Mandarin, the spring training quarters of the Cincinatti Redlegs and the Chicago White Sox at Tampa, and eight three-dimensional dioramas in the Stephen Foster Museum at White Springs, depicting his hit songs. (Free. Gift-shop. Parking 25c.) I made a

tape-recording of a tobacco-auction at Live Oak. I backed six losers in a row at Hialeah. I was strapped into a boat and pulled three times round the Gulf of Mexico by a barracuda shark while my companions sat calmly slicing up bait in the stern and landing amberjack, dolphin, sailfish, kingfish, marlin, menhaden, wahoo, and cute dolls who had fallen overboard on account of being loaded. "Come to me, little fish," I kept whispering at the top of my voice. "I love you, little fish, and I'm going to get you alongside and chop off your great ugly head if it's the last thing I do, little fish." In the end I cut the line, and we had to get back to Key West under our own steam, just in time for a meal of Spanish limes, local gin,

underdone turtle-steak smothered in conch chowder with sprouts and mashed potatoes on the side washed down with a glass of 99-9 per cent pure drinking water imported from Orange City.

All this, I tell you—and *then*, without warning, to be confronted by those ghastly sausage trees! I seem to remember that just before everything went black I pushed my way through the crowd and lashed out at the nightmare foliage with my cane. "I hate you, little sausage trees!" I cried. "I hope you die!"

They put it down to jealousy and carried me tenderly into somebody's hacienda to wrap me in wet towels.

Next week: And So Farewell



Essence of



Parliament

BY and large it has not been a very good week for the House in general or for Under-Secretaries in particular. On Monday Mr. Bevins did not make a very convincing show at explaining why the Government had changed its mind and would not at once hand over the New Towns to their local authorities, and on Wednesday Sir Ian Horobin was even less happy in explaining to Mr. Robens in front of him and Mr. Nabarro behind him what he was proposing to do about coal. On Tuesday, in between the Under-Secretaries, the Chancellor himself was hardly more successful in telling us about Commonwealth trade. It is possible for language to be too undistinguished even for the House of Commons, and he almost managed it; nor was Mr. Arthur Holt the only Member to be puzzled by this statement of policy of Mr. Facing-Both-Ways, who seemed to be saying that Imperial Preference was an excellent thing and ought to be steadily whittled away. Yet the honour of Secretaries and Under-Secretaries was amply retrieved by Mr. Richard Wood. Both Mr. Bevins and Sir Ian Horobin had their Ministers sitting by their sides during their performances, and pretty uncomfortable those Ministers both looked. But

Mr. Wood had a Minister who was over the seas and far away, and it therefore fell to him unaided to sustain the total of a whole hour of question-time and seventy questions. Owing to his disability it takes Mr. Wood some time to sit down and get up again, as is customary when another Member asks a supplementary question. To save time he asked to be excused this formality and therefore stood unflinching at the dispatch box, relieved only by two glasses of water, for a whole hour—a considerable feat for any man, an

exceptional feat for him. His Socialist critics pressed him hard during the questioning, but the ranks of Tuscany did not forbear to cheer him generously when it was all over.

When the House talks about Commonwealth trade the general form is to spend half the time saying that Orientals must be helped to industrialize themselves and the other half complaining that when they do so they start exporting things. When it talks about fuel it spends half the time discussing how fuel can be economized and the other half complaining that less coal is consumed when fuel is economized. When it talks about foreign affairs each side complains that the other will not talk with the Russians on the particular proposals that it favours; but there is very little reason to think that the Russians want to talk

about either of their proposals. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd and Mr. Bevan started off the foreign affairs debate each with a most strange speech. Mr. Lloyd propounded as an objection to the Rapacki plan that it was undesirable that there should be discrimination by some nations against others about the

sort of weapons that they are going to be allowed. Does this mean that because a few nations have H-bombs we are looking forward hopefully to the millennium in which they shall all have H-bombs? Mr. Bevan spoke stern words about the danger to peace of German rearmament, and who that heard him would have guessed that he was the spokesman for the Labour party and that the Labour Government first committed this country to German rearmament?

When the front benchers had had

their say the back benchers came in to bat and made a much better show of it. Mr. Rippon pleading that national sovereignty had had its day, Lord Hinchinbrooke denouncing our position in Berlin, Mr. Bonham Carter blaming a Pangloss Government for thinking that *status quo* is the best of all possible worlds, Mr. Emrys Hughes pleading for disarmament, Mr. Maddan bewailing it that we had not gone into the Common Market—all these from their various points of view made worthy contributions; and indeed it is obvious enough that the back benchers between them could stage quite a good debate on foreign affairs if only any back



Mr. Mark Bonham Carter

bencher could be persuaded to stay in the Chamber to listen to any other back bencher.

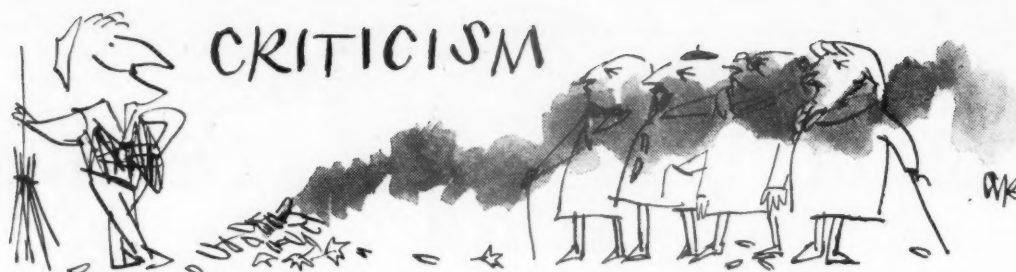
It is these awful front benchers who make Parliament unendurable. It was Mr. Denis Healey's first appearance as a front bench speaker and the main personal interest of the debate was to see how he acquitted himself. He need not really have been so bored with his own speech as all that. It was not nearly as good as many speeches that he has made from the back benches, but it was at least coherent, and his intelligence—it is indeed but a small compliment—certainly shone in comparison with that of the three other front bench speakers. It was Mr. Duncan Sandys who joined Mr. Selwyn Lloyd and Mr. Bevan in forming the third of this trio, and the only possible interest in his speech lay in the wide speculation whether he was going actually to fall asleep while he was delivering it.

On Thursday's showing it is really a frightening thought for the electorate that it can only escape the rule of one of these front benches by choosing to be ruled by the other.

PERCY SOMERSET



Mr. Denis Healey



BOOKING OFFICE

Sequel to *Middlemarch*

Sir Charles Dilke: A Victorian Tragedy.
Roy Jenkins. Collins, 25/-

MR. ROY JENKINS has written a fascinating book. He is extraordinarily proficient in handling material which might have proved stodgy, while at the same time his own humour and irony are kept so well under control that a careless reader could easily miss some of his quietly amusing comments.

Nowadays no one remembers the Dilke Case, but it was one of the great scandals of Victorian England. Sir Charles Dilke (1843-1911) was a baronet belonging to the Radical wing of the Liberal Party, of which he was regarded by many as the potential leader. In 1885 he was accused by a Mrs. Crawford, in a confession to her husband, of having been her lover. Two lawsuits followed, both of which went against Dilke, who strenuously denied the charges. In due course he returned to the House of Commons, but his career had been ruined.

Those are the bare bones. The first half of the book describes with great clearness Dilke's rise to power within his own party, and the political situation existing at the time when he was named as co-respondent; the second half outlines the trials, and goes into the characters and circumstances that made up the drama. Details were pungent. Mr. Jenkins does not mention it, but *The Pink 'Un* contained an imaginary picture of Sir Charles Dilke's bedroom in which the bed had three pillows: Caran d'Ache did a drawing of Mrs. Crawford addressing a line of co-respondents who stretch as far as the eye can reach.

Having acquired the story from Mr. Jenkins's book, one really feels the need for another volume of at least equal length to consider the psychological aspects of the various people concerned. Of these, Dilke himself is perhaps the most mysterious. Obviously he was a man of great energy with a

tremendous appetite for facts and figures. An extreme Radical—and ultimately near-Socialist—with an unearned income of £8,000 per annum in a good year, he was also in favour of colonial expansion and White Supremacy. He was not, for example, taken in, like the rest of the Liberals, by the Boers. At the same time his personality never really emerges from the printed page. He was admittedly a bad speaker, and admittedly went rather mad at a certain period. However, neither of those things would in themselves preclude him from the highest office. It is just that one feels he never could in the last resort have been able to lead a government or an opposition.

Of his private life, especially, we should like to know much more, even though we are told a good deal here. Mrs. Crawford and her husband were

both of them distant family connections of Dilke, who had been the lover of Mrs. Crawford's mother. It would not be surprising to learn that his private affairs all his life had been decidedly irregular, even if Mrs. Crawford's accusation was unfounded. Everything seems to point to this.

Of Crawford, the husband, also a politician, we are told little or nothing, except that his wife had married him mainly to get away from her mother.

And what are we to think of Mrs. Crawford herself, aged twenty-two or twenty-three, photographed in piquant riding habit, smiling reflectively to herself as she raises her little switch to the brim of her hat? There can be absolutely no doubt that she and her sister, Mrs. Harrison, went the pace, not merely for the 'eighties but for any other period. After the divorce she was received into the Roman Catholic Church, wrote voluminously upon religious, social and literary subjects, and became in due course the first Labour member of the Marylebone Borough Council. She died in 1948, aged eighty-five.

I think myself—the truth is anybody's guess—that something had undoubtedly passed at one time or another between Dilke and Mrs. Crawford, even though she undoubtedly told lies in court. He had perhaps made some sort of attack upon her when she was quite a young girl and he was visiting her mother's house. On her part, I think she was a thwarted woman, an inordinate exhibitionist, who wanted to make as much trouble as possible and get as much publicity, subsequently sublimating her formidable energies in religion and local politics.

There are many picturesque trimmings to the main picture, one of which is that Dilke's wife was the widow of Mark Pattison, an Oxford don, thirty years older than herself at the time of their marriage. The Pattisons had been George Eliot's models for Dorothea and Mr. Casaubon in *Middlemarch*. So now we know what really happened to poor Dorothea.

ANTHONY POWELL

NOVEL FACES—XLVI



HAMMOND INNES

Much expert knowledge goes to Innes' tales
Of Campbell's timber and the White
South's whales.

PUNCH BOOKS

The following books by writers and artists connected with *Punch*, or containing *Punch* material, have been published:

THE BIG CITY: or THE NEW MAYHEW. Alex Atkinson and Ronald Searle. *Perpetua Books*, 21/-.

TALLY HO!: HUNTIN' WITH MR. PUNCH. Edited by Christopher Busby. *Spearman*, 15/-.

KLEINE NACHTMUSIK. Drawings by Chaval. *Hammond*, 14/6.

THE DIARY OF A FASHION MODEL. Susan Chitty. *Methuen*, 12/6.

BETWEEN THE LINES. "Fougasse." *Methuen*, 10/6.

THE HALF-NAKED KNIGHT. André François. *Deutsch*, 16/-.

NOT A WORD TO A SOUL. Mahood. *Hammond*, 12/6.

HAMID OF ALEPPO. Clive King. Illustrations by Giovannetti. *Macmillan Company (London)*, 12/6.

THE CANDID EYE. Lord Kinross. With pictures by Cecil Keeling and Introduction by Malcolm Muggeridge. *Richards Press*, 12/6.

LANGDON AT LARGE. David Langdon. *Wingate*, 10/6.

THE IDLE DEMON. R. P. Lister. *Deutsch*, 12/6.

TINPANALLEY. Paddy Roberts and Michael ffolkes. *Coram*, 5/-.

SOME ARE MORE HUMAN THAN OTHERS. Stevie Smith. *Gaberbochus*, 18/-.

STARKE PARADE. Starke. *Reinhardt*, 20/-.

A SEX BY THEMSELVES. Edited by Alan Wykes. *Barker*, 25/-.

TOOTH AND CLAW. B. A. Young and Michael ffolkes. *Elek*, 15/-.

Collins Guide to English Parish Churches. Edited with an Introduction by John Betjeman. *Collins*, 30/-.

A first selective guide to more than four thousand parish churches in England and the Isle of Man. It is the outcome of long discussions between John Betjeman and John Piper and then of considerable research undertaken with scholarly respect and affectionate regard for the subject. A brief introduction to each county in turn precedes factual descriptions of the churches compiled by local specialists. Thirty-six excellent photographs range from a Cornish cross on Bodmin Moor, Saxon architecture and carving on to Renaissance (Wren's domed interior of St. Stephen's, Walbrook) and Greek revival (St. Pancras) and to Gothic and Classic blended (interior of St. Mary, Wellingborough). Drawings by Mr. Piper illustrate the growth of various churches. Mr. Betjeman has written a characteristically idiosyncratic and stimulating introduction to the whole book. He surveys

not only the development of style, the contribution of individual architects but also the ebb-and-flow in social and religious life to which these developments in building churches responded.

T. B. C.

Cadenza: An Excursion. Ralph Cusack. *Hamish Hamilton*, 18/-.

This curious expedition on the stream of consciousness might be the musings of a man half-anæsthetized, a man half-intoxicated or half asleep, dreaming fluently, illogically, and with strange lucidity. Mr. Cusack has an Irish love of words, an Irish largesse in conversation; he babbles not only of green fields and Irish rebels, of funerals and drunken priests, of childhood, birds and music. He describes his feelings on the operating-table as he is prepared for an erroneous operation. He recalls his cosmopolitan love-making. He revels in the "sun-smitten white limestone track, with red Provençal earth straining through and staining the stones," the warm air smelling heavily of resin and rosemary, "the seedpods splitting with tiny explosions, scattering their progeny on the stony ground." His book is not so much a cadenza as a long improvisation, in which he misses no variation or flourish. It is a highly original series of reminiscences written by a man who is sometimes crude, always receptive and vigorously enamoured of life. J. R.

Mani: Travels in the Southern Peloponnese. Patrick Leigh Fermor. *John Murray*, 18/-.

This is the first of a number of discursive books in which Mr. Leigh Fermor intends to use his explorations of the wilder parts of Greece as jumping-off points for investigating the historical and environmental pressures that have made the modern Greeks. He is excited by many things, conversations with hospitable and inquisitive elders in mountain villages, shepherds and mariners, the savour of Greek sunlight and the striking-power of Greek food and, above all, survivals. He is aware of the complexities of history and his strong memory leaps to link everything he has met with everything else.

He is an inspired amateur of the school of Robert Byron, and anthropologists, philologists and historians should not ignore the clues he preserves and the speculations he pours out just because his main source of technical guidance was published in 1910. The book is full of interest, although some weakness of planning makes it less completely successful than *The Traveller's Tree*. R. G. G. P.

A Leaf from the Yellow Book: The Correspondence of George Egerton. Edited by Terence de Vere White. *Richards Press*, 16/6.

Probably not many people now have heard of the author "George Egerton," but in the 'nineties her novels *Keynotes* and *Discords* were the talk of the town.



"Look, I'm going—leaving these good people of the East Zone to look after themselves."

Keynotes gave the name to the famous series of novels of that name, published by John Lane, decorated with a key on the binding and a design on the title-page, many of which (keys and decorations) were executed by Aubrey Beardsley. "George Egerton's" real name was Chavelita Dunne, an Irish lady, who died at the age of eighty-five in 1945, after a decidedly adventurous literary career. Mr. Terence de Vere White is to be congratulated on producing an amusing book about her (she was a cousin of his) made up of letters, diaries and his own personal reminiscences. A tremendous talker, by no means without talent, she had met many of the literary men of her day, and the book provides a wonderful picture of amorous adventures, domestic life, poverty, relative affluence, bohemian muddle, prosy arrangements, all stewed up together, the total result bringing together a rich dish of what made up "George Egerton's" life. Those interested in the 'nineties should certainly read it, and also those who enjoy something a bit out of the ordinary. A. P.

A Country Window. Richard Church. *Heinemann*, 16/-.

Mr. Richard Church's country essays, here collected from his weekly contributions to *Truth*, delightfully display his close and loving observation of nature, set forth in quietly beautiful prose but little blemished by the jaded ink of journalism. The sixty-six pieces are wide in their scope—he does not confine himself to his Kentish valley, though a man might well be content so to do. To dip among this nut-copse of a book is everywhere rewarding. The book would have been more welcome in a smaller format, slippable in the pocket "to share the traveller's idleness and to enrich it." His philosophical, sometimes ironical commentary on inevitable change in the country scene is "pungent, acrid, clean" as the author describes the smells of autumn. To country-lovers doomed to

dwelt too long in towns he gives many a pang of heart's delight with his reminders that there are still in England spots where "lanes wander away, each with its particular enticement towards the unknown." *Truth*, alas, can no longer put on her boots; let us be thankful that Mr. Church can and does put on his, to wander down just such lanes and tell us as only a poet can what is to be seen on the way towards that unknown which is the bourne of all of us.

R. C. S.

AT THE PLAY

The Grass is Greener (ST. MARTIN'S)
Moon on a Rainbow Shawl
(ROYAL COURT)

WELCOME to *The Grass is Greener*, the third of the three civilized and pleasing comedies which have come, in just over two years, from Hugh and Margaret Williams. The discovery of two such fertile and able authors is among the gladder things on the lighter side of our theatre. Each of their plays has been gratifyingly different; each has been written with a graceful and unstrained wit and an unusually accurate sense of social behaviour. In the latest, as in *The Happy Man*, there is a dash of lead in the keel, of unexpected moments of genuine sentiment.

Just as breakfast in other people's houses tastes so much better, the grass is greener on the other side of the fence. An earl and his countess are busily happy in the family seat, with two children (wisely invisible), a literary butler, a mushroom farm, and half-crowns pouring into the till. Enter, gate-crashing through the green baize door, a charming American millionaire who within ten minutes mesmerizes the astonished countess into love at first sight. Are we persuaded? In retrospect, of course not; at the time, yes, so delicately is this scene written and so superbly played by Celia Johnson and Edward Underdown. Bumbling back in his patched jacket, the earl decodes instantly the joy and alarm in his wife's face, and from that moment, begging the American to stay to lunch, he opens a subtle battle to save his marriage. When she goes to London for a week he drives her cheerfully to the station; when she is returning he telephones the American to ask him as a favour to drive her down and stay the week-end. With the utmost courtesy he piles high their embarrassment, and when at last the gaff is blown he scores the winning point by arranging for his butler to shoot him in the arm in a duel in which both he and the American fire wide. There are very few butlers one would trust with such a mission at

thirty yards, even after private coaching in the garden. But the day is saved, and the spell broken for the countess, once more a devoted wife.

Three-quarters of the play delights, a polished essay in English understatement. The last quarter is not quite so successful, the duel being a little out of key and the serious discussion on marriage between husband and wife, though well done, too

REP SELECTION

Edinburgh Gateway, *A Doll's House*, until December 20th.
Playhouse, Sheffield, *Dodo's In Love*, until December 20th.
Theatre Royal, Lincoln, *The Voice of the Turtle*, until December 13th.
Theatre Royal, York, *Keeping Up With the Joneses*, until December 13th.

protracted; but as a whole here is a comedy that London and the reps will surely take to their hearts.

The countess must be domestically contented and totally unflighty. Miss Johnson hits her off perfectly, and thus doubles the effect of her crazy infatuation. No other English actress could express her bewildered excitement so beautifully. Mr. Williams himself plays the earl as a deceptively simple character, a better psychologist than he looks; this is an extremely attractive performance, and so is Mr. Underdown's as a cosmopolitan with inborn manners. The fourth of the five characters, a family friend, is a scatter-brained nymphomaniac whom Joan Greenwood, gurgling and posturing, converts into an outrageously comic figure. And Moray Watson achieves the almost impossible in finding originality in the butler, an ex-schoolmaster declining to commit any longer the crime of poisoning children's minds with science. Jack Minster's production fits all these pieces together in the most natural way.

Errol John's drama in a Trinidad slum, *Moon on a Rainbow Shawl*, won the *Observer* competition last year, and not surprisingly. It largely wastes the first act in creating atmosphere which in fact Loudon Sainthill's crumbling set has already established; but in the following acts Mr. John shows himself a writer of understanding, sensitive to the shades of human weakness. His middle-aged shrew, perpetually scolding her drunken husband who might have been a world cricketer but for his rebellion against the treatment of coloured players, comforts him gently when he is caught out in a theft to help the education of his clever daughter; and it is she who takes under her ample wing the girl abandoned by her lover, escaping desperately to England from the trap of the slums.

The characters are sharply drawn, with great sympathy, and most of the play has the ring of truth. It is powerfully



Victor—HUGH WILLIAMS

Hattie—JOAN GREENWOOD

acted, particularly by Vinnette Carroll as the shrew, Earle Hyman as the girl's lover, and John Bouie as the battered old cricketer.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)
Hot Summer Night (New—3/12/58), honest discussion of the colour bar.
Irma la Douce (Lyric—23/7/58), French underworld musical.
Brouhaha (Aldwych—10/9/58), for goons.

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

The Old Man and the Sea *Man of the West*

THE fact that in the film of *The Old Man and the Sea* (Director: John Sturges) there is so much off-screen narrative that is not in the least needed for the understanding of either action or character is an admission that the essential point of the whole affair is really literary. Some narration there has to be, admitted: explanations, for the non-fisherman, of what this fisherman is doing and why, references to the passage of time, and how much time, and so on. But the only possible excuse for describing in detail the contents of the Old Man's hut while we are actually looking at them, or for introducing him, as we examine his head in close-up, with a verbal sketch beginning "The Old Man was grey and wrinkled"—the only possible reason for this must be a wish to make with the words the effect they made in the original book. And strictly, remember, in order to get the effect that Ernest Hemingway wrote them to make we ought to shut our eyes. To put it mildly, no part of a real film should invite that reflection.

The fact that at first sight the book seems the very last anyone should choose to make a full-length feature film of is, of course, nothing against it; the test is the final result, and how well it succeeds in entertaining. I think it does succeed up to a point. Where it would be without Spencer Tracy as the Old Man is another matter. Mr. Tracy is one of the not very numerous players who have the quality that may be called magnetic. Quite apart from his acting skill, there is something about his mere presence that keeps one watching him, that makes one strongly interested in seeing what he is up to. This is a particularly valuable attribute here, where for a large part of the time he is quite alone on the screen.

Even in the book the point was really Literature with a capital L, for the story and the main characters (the only other one is the Boy) are as simple as they could be. The Old Man, encouraged by the Boy, goes out alone in his skiff, hooks a tremendous marlin, fights it for two days and nights, kills it; and on the long way back loses to marauding sharks all of it except the backbone that shows what a magnificent catch it was. The

account is diversified a little with two or three flashbacks to his youth, his dreams, his earlier life, but the best of the film is in the direct action of the two fights: Old Man v. marlin, Old Man v. sharks. Because of Mr. Tracy and some fine colour photography (James Wong Howe) it holds the attention throughout—but a great deal of it remains literature, not cinema.

Quite unreasonably, one tends these days to adopt an almost deprecating tone for remarking that there is another good Western—as if the fact that there have been many before made it necessary to apologize for drawing attention to still another. The idea is perhaps that readers may suspect one of being uncritically enthusiastic about all Westerns, as of course some people are (and some are uncritically disapproving about them all). Anyway, I will state flatly that *Man of the West* (Director: Anthony Mann) is a more than usually good one.

One striking point about it is precisely the sort of thing the uncritical enthusiast would disapprove of. What he likes is the conventional form, with no disturbing hint of reality; and here we get a reminder that the bad men of the old West were not just romantic and picturesque villains, but genuinely (though none the less humanly) unpleasant characters, like bad men anywhere else. The central figure is a former bad man, Link (Gary Cooper), who after going straight for many years and laboriously building a new life finds himself again in the power of the gang he deserted. The tension and suspense arise from the fact that unless he can convince them he is just as bad as ever at heart, he and two innocent companions will be killed.

The incidents within this framework are in essence much as usual, and the climactic episode is the good old deserted-street gunfight, but it is all admirably handled, and there are one or two rich and meaty characters—notably Lee J. Cobb as the elderly boss of the gang, Link's uncle, who thinks nothing of the new generation of hold-up men and wistfully remembers the great days of old. In some scenes there is too much background music, but in others simple sounds and moments of silence are used very effectively; and here again the colour photography (Ernest Haller) often gives a great deal of pleasure.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Another new one is *La Neige était Sale* or *The Stain on the Snow*, from a Simenon story about murder and abominable betrayal and very "noir" indeed, but none the less gripping and satisfyingly well done. *The Inn of the Sixth Happiness* (3/12/58) seemed to me not worth a fraction of the fuss that has been made about it. Another efficient film noir, *Evidence in Concrete* (12/11/58), and the



[*The Old Man and the Sea*

The Old Man—SPENCER TRACY

uneven, interesting Russian *The Cranes are Flying* (24/9/58) continue. The Swedish *Wild Strawberries* (5/11/58) is still the best of the lot.

In the week's releases there is absolutely nothing to mention. Let me put in another word for an earlier one, *Behind the Mask* (19/11/58).

RICHARD MALLETT

ON THE AIR

Top Talker

SIR KENNETH CLARK is a most accomplished Television Talker. I will not refer to him as a personality, for this word—unlike "card" or "character"—did not wear well, and soon became debased, like "star." ("Well," said an interviewer to Miss Judy Grinham immediately after her first camera-test, "now that you're a film star . . .").



Is Art Necessary?

SIR KENNETH CLARK

Sir Kenneth's mastery of the difficult art of Talking About Things naturally and convincingly in the tense atmosphere of a television studio seems to make him a living proof of the theory that such entertainers are born, not made: for I cannot believe he took any lessons, and even if he wanted to I can't think who could give them. Sir Brian Horrocks, perhaps, or A. J. P. Taylor, whose mischievously disturbing political lectures on ITA I still remember with joy; but very few others.

In his series "Is Art Necessary?" (ATV) Sir Kenneth is of course more than an entertainer. He presents each week a beautifully balanced talk on some aspect of Art and You, disguised as an informal, illustrated fireside chat. He shows neither embarrassment nor cockiness. His sentences are fresh and spontaneous, for he does not give the impression of having learnt the script by heart. He does not assume that we are either ill-informed bushmen on the one hand or Third Programme fans on the other. He does not grope amiably for words like Dr. Bronowski, or keep asking the production staff how much time he has left and what's going to happen next, like Sir Gerald Kelly. True, he is not so relaxed as Cliff Michelmore, but neither is he so casual. Altogether he is my TV Talker of the year—unassuming, without pomposity, and having a deep, impressive knowledge of his subject. He will open our eyes to art and give pleasure as he does so. Also, I was glad to notice that during his talk on Good Taste, he forbore all coy or playful euphemism and referred bluntly to "the commercial break."

If I may hark back to what by this time is but a murky page in television history I would like to mention the appalling production of *The Playboy of the Western World* (Granada). There were two good performances here, by Anna Manahan as the Widow Quinn and by Brian O'Higgins as Old Mahon; and a very commendable shot at Peggyn by Joan O'Hara. (The critics who praised the unsubtle Christy of Donal Donnelly can surely never have seen this part brought unforgettably to life by Cyril Cusack.) But my point—I will touch it lightly, for I have laboured it here before—is that the television screen is no place for stage plays. Believing the play on this occasion to be comfortably assured of its place among the modern classics, I might have overlooked the reckless cuts, which made a mockery of Synge's words: "In a good play every speech should be as fully flavoured as a nut or apple"; or the echoing set that made a ballroom out of a shebeen; or the gabbling; or the arbitrary close-ups which persistently wrecked the magic; or a dozen other weaknesses. But when an eminent critic, who had never seen it in a theatre, was moved to write after this production that he could see no merit in it anyway, I was very sad. Crimes have been committed before in the name of television, but surely never a crime so base as this.

The curious notion persists that the teeming novels of Dickens are capable of adaptation into acceptable costume dramas. They are not. So much of Dickens' hypnotic power—in comic and serious chapters alike—depends upon his unfathomable mastery of narrative prose that to strip one of his stories down to its dialogue and have it acted is to present the audience with a pale, slippery, filleted substitute. I would sooner watch a football match in thick fog. Nevertheless, *Our Mutual Friend* (BBC) shows evidence that a lot of hard, intelligent work has been put into it, and there have been some telling moments. I particularly like the performances of Esmond Knight (Silas Wegg) and Richard Leech ("Rogue" Riderhood).

HENRY TURTON

LETTERS

DEMEANING BEANS

To the Editor of Punch

SIR,—Miss Anne Scott-James's brave avowal of a preference for coffee in vacuum tins reminds me of an incident that can be used against her husband if he should persist in his attempts to present her with sacks of green beans. A friend of mine recently entered a very high-class Edinburgh coffee-shop and asked for a pound of green beans. While the assistant was wrapping them up she mentioned that she roasted them in an old biscuit tin lid. "Madam," replied the assistant, unwrapping the parcel with a splendid flourish, and tenderly returning the beans to their canister, "this firm has spent fifty years in research into the exact temperatures necessary to the perfect roasting of coffee beans. We cannot possibly sell you beans to rattle about in a biscuit tin lid."

Yours faithfully,

Hampstead Mrs. R. D. CUTLER

WHAT PORRIDGE HAD JANE EYRE?

To the Editor of Punch

SIR,—Mr. Arthur Marshall, writing on novelists' failure to describe their characters' meals, maligns Miss Brontë, who in fact describes Jane Eyre's first meal at Thornfield Hall as consisting of hot Negus and sandwiches (Chapter XI).

Yours faithfully

Brecon VIOLET WILLIAMS

NOBEL PRIZE

To the Editor of Punch

SIR,—Concerning your recent comment on the Nobel Peace Prize, it is both amusing and amazing that you should be unaware that the Peace Prize is awarded by the Norwegian parliament and has nothing to do with the Swedes. Curious, too (though very English), that you should consider the work of men like Albert Schweitzer and Father Pire to be less worthy of recognition and reward than the work of physicists whose theories led to the atom bomb.

Yours sincerely,

Oslo K. SEMMELMANN

NO POSSIBILITY OF ERROR

HOW many Christmas inspirations leave both parties fulfilled? Though Cousin Bertie has actually hit on your favourite tobacco, he's tormented by a suspicion that you may have given up smoking. When Aunt Caroline found you the sherry-glasses she hugged herself . . . but you are wondering uneasily if she could afford them. Demolish doubts on both sides with a year's subscription to PUNCH. Nobody gives up laughter. And who couldn't afford £2 16s.? (The truth, please.) Subscriptions: Great Britain and Eire £2 16s.; Canada (By Canadian Magazine Post) £2 10s. (\$7.25); Elsewhere Overseas £3 (U.S.A. \$9.00). Write to: Department Ed., PUNCH, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4. U.S.A. and Canadian readers may remit by cheques on their own banks. Other overseas readers should consult their bankers or remit by postal money order.

No Word Peace Yet

By A. P. H.

It has been well said that our good friends the Americans are entitled to communicate their thoughts as they please. These few warnings are mainly addressed to feeble-minded imitators in our own dear land

IN New York recently I tried to help, on the radio, with the vocabulary of Little Rock. There may be an end, one day, to the school and colour controversy, but there will soon be no end to the words it breeds.

"Segregation," you may remember, described the position when the pink children went to one school and the dark children went to another. (Even then "separation" would have been better, for the big idea was that the kids were kept apart. "Segregation" is a catty word and suggests smallpox.) Then the Law said that segregation must stop, and that led to the vile word "desegregation."

Look at it. What a pompous monster for what a simple thought—pink and dark to go to the same school! And it was not only applied to the children who were to be brought together: the schools, the buildings were said to be "desegregated." (Some good men, it is true, were shocked by "desegregation" and called it "integration." But that is not very happy, for neither the children nor the schools were made into a whole.)

Well, then the Governor defied the Federal fathers, and the children were "segregated" again. One day, no doubt, Little Rock will have to obey, and then what shall we have?

REDESEGREGATION

Don't think we're being funny. Readers who were about during the last war will remember the sister word

REDECONTAMINATION

Now, as always, it is easy to throw stones, but not so easy to assist. "What would you do?" It is a nasty question.

Let us go back to the beginning and see the stark, human picture. We have Boys' schools and Girls' schools. Why not Pink (or White) schools and Dark (or Coloured) schools? Then, rather than a "desegregated" school, we could have an "open" school, or a "general" school—or perhaps an "all colour" school.

But the statesmen and judges need single words to describe the whole process or plan, and that, we admit, can easily lead to such enormities as we have

mentioned. (Interesting, by the way, is it not, to see the electric New World flying to that old "dead" Latin language whenever a new problem knocks at the door.) We have one thought that may assist. If they must use Latin—and perhaps they must—why not use the word that is the sire of all these long-bellied monsters?

"Segregation" is, in effect, a de-word, meaning, so to speak, "unflocking," from *grex, gregis*, a flock. When it comes to an end, and the children are flocked, the right word, surely, is not "desegregation" but

GREGATION.

No one seems to have thought of this. But I shyly suggested it on the air, and asked them to pass the thought to the President.

But we are not wildly fond of "gregation." Can anyone think of something better?

"Classified"

Another sacrifice to NATO, no

doubt—English Top People, we note, are beginning to describe information as "classified" which for several wars has been known as "secret." It must have started with some grim order (or "directive") that this and that sort of information would be "classified as confidential." There is an English parallel, we admit, for we say that a man is "certified" when we mean that a man is mad. But "classified" annoys us. It seems a feeble word for a formidable notion. Will our dear Secret Service have to conform and become the Classified Service? And do they have the same good old distinctions "VERY CLASSIFIED"—"TOP CLASSIFIED"—"MOST CLASSIFIED (BURN BEFORE READING)"?

"Wise"

A popular saver of time, and thought, in the United States is the suffix, or sort of suffix, "wise." It has a respectable origin—"Old English, manner, fashion—otherwise, likewise, etc." But



it was born a noun, and used, we gather, to be harnessed with adjectives only—CHAUCER, 1385, "In every skylful wyse." MORRIS, 1870, "A while in gentle wise they went." The Americans attach it to any old noun to signify "in the way or department of." We forget which of these examples we heard, and which we invented:

"But, tradewise, a disappointing year."

"I wouldn't trust him, moneywise."

"A good holiday, weatherwise. But the fishing..."

"Safetywise, I prefer the side roads..."

"What would you like, winewise?"

"A pretty girl, facewise. But her legs are terrible."

"How was your marriage, sexwise?"

We do not rave about this, one wise or another: but grammarwise, we think it is faulty; it is lazy, and, like all such habits, can become tiresome.

"I *cain't* say now"

What a pity! "Now," like the Latin *nunc*, is such a strong, swift word, the envy of some Continental nations with mouthfuls like "maintenant" and "ahora." But the American *cain't* say "now." "Right now!" "As of now!" and "Currently!" they cry. "Right now" was, and might be still, of use in emergency or doubt, as we say "Right away!" or "At once!" (a strange expression, too, when you come to

think of it). But since they now know no "now" but "right now," they have nothing left to indicate emergency or haste. (It is the good old story of "Wolf! Wolf!") Our own dear sports-writers and band-leaders have caught it, and are always saying "right now" when they mean not a thing but "now."

(But then, America may say, who are we to talk who use so often the strange expression "Now then"?)

"As of now" began, we guess, in military or bureaucratic quarters. But right now you hear ordinary men saying "as of now" in ordinary conversation. We have not heard anyone say "currently" over the cocktails, but it is frequent in the papers, and seldom seems to have any excuse—"Joe Smith, currently appearing in *Blue Trees*..."

At Church Parade in British ocean liners we rightly pray not only for the Queen but for the President of the United States. The ships' hymn-books, we hear, are currently being amended to suit both sides of the Atlantic, thus:

As of now the day is over...

Right now thank we all our God...

The phony-forcible "right," having ruined "now," is spreading like a weed. In four or five pages of a lively American novel we are reading we found the following redundant "rights":

"Did you like the show?" "Right nice," she said.

"We wouldn't be so interested in M if she weren't *right* there with us."

"He'll bounce *right* out there ahead of us."

"I don't qualify *right* up there among the Number One fans..."

"Yes. *Right* at the next desk."

"You come *right* up here."

"I'd like to put it up on the wall *right* yonder..."

All these remarks, we feel, would have done well enough without the "right."

Then all day they are saying "I'll be *right* back" or "I'll call you *right* back." Soon, alas! so shall we. We invented, we confess, the man who, while pouring water on whisky, says "Say *right* when." But that pretty dream, we bet, will come true one day.

EXERCISE (IN POLITE AMERICAN)

"*Right how are you?*"

"*Right well, thank you. But I'm going right back to England, and healthwise, I'm never so good right there.*"

"*Right where do you live?*"

"*Right in London, homewise, right beside the river. Officewise, right near the Bank.*"

"*Right when shall we see you again?*"

"*As of soon, I hope. I feel right happy in Little Old New York, and currently I'm right sorry to go.*"

"*Right what was your business here?*"

"*I guess that's pretty classified.*"

"*That's right O.K. by me. Well, as of to-night I'll say right good-bye.*"

"*So right long, sir.*"



"Lord and Lady Mews-fflatt and the Hon. Matilda Fitz-Smith."

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